

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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"But the next instant he received a blow that caused him to release his hold on the girl" — See "ONLY A GIRL."

Published at Augusta, Maine

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Minds of moderate caliber ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

What you keep by you you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled.

Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity when once raised to power.

There never was law or sect or opinion that did so magnify goodness as the Christian religion does.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

—G. P. Oranch.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.

The person who thinks there can be any real conflict between science and religion must be very ignorant in religion.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most important objects of philosophy.

A countryman is as warm in jeans as a king in velvet, and the truth is as comfortable in homely language as in fine speech.

The reason that so many want their desires is that their desires want reason. He may do what he will, who will do what he may.

Labor is life. The still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

—Osgood.

If you do not wish a man to do a thing you had better get him to talk about it, for the more men talk the more likely they are to do nothing else.

No man's abilities are so shining as not to need a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend to recommend them to the notice of the world.

The instruction received at the mother's knee and the paternal lessons together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside are never effaced entirely from the soul.

Inward religion without the outward show of it is like a tree without fruit, useless; and the outward show of religion without sincerity is like a tree without heart, lifeless.

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. Bailey.

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful, but whether it is true. When we wish to go to a place we do not ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road.

If ever I reach heaven I expect to find three wonders there: First, to meet some I had not thought to see there; second, to miss some I had expected to see there; and third and greatest wonder of all, to find myself there.—John Newton.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE Fall is once more here, and the best part of the year is gone. In a few weeks, we shall be preparing for Thanksgiving, and Thanksgiving is but a step to Christmas and the end of the year. Everything moves quickly in the 20th century. Even Time seems to go faster than ever. The old gentleman possibly has discarded his wings and adopted electricity as a mode of locomotion.

Probably we, who make your favorite magazine, note time's flight even more than you do. No sooner is one issue off our hands, than we are industriously preparing another. The breathing spell never seems to come. It's busy, busy, busy, all the year round. However, it is no use grieving over the rapidity of time's flight, and the days that are gone. You will remember the old saying: "The mill will never grind with water that is passed."

There is still a little of the year left, in which we can accomplish many good deeds, if we put our minds to the task. The year need not be a failure if we put our shoulders to the wheel, and work earnestly and hard for the remaining four months. The battle is never lost until it is won, so do not be discouraged if 1907 has so far been a failure for you, but say: "I can, and I will," grit your teeth hard and limber up your muscles, and go to work with grim determination, and you will turn defeat into victory, failure into success.

We are trying to make a record for COMFORT this year, and with a little assistance from you we can make this our banner year. So many of you forget to renew your subscriptions, and we have to drop your names from our mailing list, as we positively do not send COMFORT after the time for which it is paid has expired. Directly your name is dropped from the mailing list and your paper stops coming, you rush to renew your subscription, but, alas, you have delayed just long enough to lose a copy, which contained the most exciting part of the story you were so deeply interested in, and you frantically beg for the missing number, only to be disappointed, as we keep a very limited number of back issues, and these are filed for reference, only. All subscriptions commence with the current issue. How much trouble you would save us, dear friends, how much annoyance you would save yourselves, if you would renew your subscriptions a month or two before they expired. When you are subscribing, it is just as easy to send 25 cents as 15. You don't miss that other dime, and it pays for two years instead of one. Get the habit of renewing your subscriptions at least three months before they run out, and get the habit (a most sensible and economical one) of subscribing for two years. It is an immense saving of time and trouble to you and to us. The greatest mistake you can make in this year of grace, is to let your subscription to COMFORT run out, for this magazine is going to be brighter and more interesting and entertaining than ever, and it will be a constant source of regret to you if you miss a single number. Renew your subscriptions today, and bring in a new member to the COMFORT family with you. Our success wholly depends upon your efforts in our behalf. You enjoy COMFORT, ay, most of you love COMFORT, and others will love to enjoy it too, if you'll only be kind and good enough to show it to them, and tell them about it.

Tell them of our stories; show them the Sisters' Corner, teeming with valuable suggestions, read them one of Uncle Charlie's replies to a cousin's letter, and get them shrieking with laughter; show them our songs—the real hits of the day—not musty rubbish, and you will get not only one, but fifty new friends and subscribers for us.

The greatest mistake anyone can make, is to let his subscription to COMFORT lapse. As a first step to mending the mistakes of 1907, and making it your, as well as our record year, send in one year's subscription to COMFORT at once, two, if possible. It is the cheapest and best investment in the world.

President Roosevelt made a striking speech at the Jamestown Exposition recently. He advocated Federal ownership of all coal, forest, oil and ranch lands which remain in the government's possession. He called too upon Congress to frame a radical inheritance and income tax law. He also advocated a Federal Child Labor law, and a law making employers responsible for all accidents to their employees. The President also urged upon the country the necessity of keeping the navy at the highest pitch of efficiency, and by yearly additions to our fleet, making the navy capable of upholding the honor of our flag upon the high seas against the fleets of any nation. President Roosevelt said: "The mineral fuels of the Eastern United States have already passed into the hands of large private owners, and those in the West are rapidly following. This should not be, for such mineral resources belong in a peculiar degree to the whole people. Under private control there is much waste from short-sighted methods of working, and the complete utilization is often sacrificed for the greater immediate profit."

President Roosevelt pointed out that coal does not grow, while trees do. The coal supply then is definitely limited, and coal should be conserved, not wasted, and the control of coal lands should remain in the hands of the government, to protect the people against injustice and extortionate prices as far as it is possible to do so. The government has done much in the regulation of the great oil fields of Indian Territory, and what it has done there can be done elsewhere. The one great fundamental problem which our statesmen must solve, is the conservation of all our national resources, and as the President truly said, "Upon the wise solution of this much of our future obviously depends." He also went on to say: "Most civilized countries have an income and inheritance tax. In my judgment both should be a part of our system of Federal taxation." Speaking of the inheritance tax, the President said: "The inheritance tax would make the swollen fortunes in this country bear in proportion to their size, a constantly increasing burden of taxation. These fortunes exist solely because of the protection given their owners by the public. They are a source of great anxiety, and it is merely just that they should have to pay heavily for the protection given them." Another pregnant sentence dropped from the President's lips in this remarkable speech: "I do not believe that any advantage comes to either the country, the home, or the individuals inheriting the money, by permitting the transmission in their en-

tirety of such enormous fortunes as have been accumulated in America." As the President wisely points out: "Such a heavy progressive tax is in no shape or way a tax on thrift and industry, for thrift and industry cut no figure in the acquisition of enormous fortunes. Such fortunes usually come through the crushing of rival concerns, and by monopolizing certain lines of industry, not to mention stock juggling and other shady methods so well known to our modern financiers."

In closing his remarkable speech the President said: "Modern wars are decided long before they are fought. I earnestly hope we shall never have another war; but if we do, its result will have been determined in advance, for its outcome will mainly depend upon the preparations which have been made in times of peace."

Your editor has deemed it necessary that this remarkable speech should be brought to your notice, as the matters discussed therein are of immense importance to the people of this country. The government ownership of coal mines was a plank in the platform of the New York State Democrats in 1902. This idea which has been denounced as ultra Socialistic, now it is advocated by President Roosevelt, will be regarded probably as a sane, sensible, conservative measure. The people of this country are ceasing to be the slaves of parties. The people want reforms and care not who make the laws, as long as those laws bring them better and purer government, both state and municipal.

Electric railroads are making the steam roads sit up and take notice. Between Indianapolis and Muncie, a distance of fifty-four miles, five trains ran daily and the fare was \$1.85. This was a few years ago. Today eighteen electric trains run between these two cities and the cost of transportation is only eighty-five cents. Two trains only used to run between Kokomo and Indianapolis, today there are seventeen trains speeding between these two points. These inter-urban roads are solving the traffic and freight problem, and eventually they will enable the people to throw off the railroad yoke. The steam roads did their utmost to stop this competition, but the Indiana Legislature gave the right of Eminent Domain to the inter-city electric lines, a right hitherto only enjoyed by the steam roads, and in spite of lavish expenditures of money in bribing the representatives of the people, the steam roads were defeated, and the people's rights to acquire highways for electric traffic were sustained. It will be noted that the cost of transportation by trolley is only half that of the railroads, which is a saving the traveling public will appreciate greatly. The Indiana roads are also handling a great quantity of freight of a perishable kind. They now operate one thousand miles of track, and two thousand more miles will soon be in operation. Electric companies will take merchandise for shipment up to the moment of the starting of the trains, while the railway companies accept no freight for shipment after 4 P. M.

What has been done in Indiana can be done in other states, and is being done rapidly in many. If legislation fails to bring the railroads to their senses, we can rely in time upon the trolley lines, to make these over-capitalized concerns less arrogant in their demands on shipper and traveler.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

A Hindoo prince is a candidate for the football team at Cornell.

The resignation of David Hutchinson, superintendent of the reading room at the Library of Congress, Washington, removes an employee of the library who served for 33 years, most of the time in charge of the reading room and serving in the capacity of vice librarian.

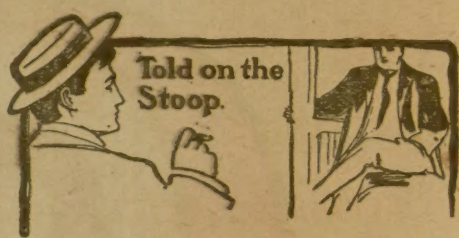
Captain Ameensden, the well-known Arctic explorer, has endeavored to persuade Mr. Walter Wellman and his companions to postpone their expedition for at least a year, when certain improvements which have been of benefit on French and German balloons might be added to their outfit.

The contributions from America to the starving people of China amounted to more than eight hundred thousand dollars. The number of people saved is estimated at eight hundred thousand, and every one who gave one dollar can have the satisfaction of knowing he was the means of saving a life.

A remarkable race of nearly 15,000 miles by two Maine ships was finished Aug. 1. The start was from Honolulu to the Delaware breakwater, and was between the two ships, Edward Sewall and the Astral, both four-masted steel ships built at Bath. They sailed from Honolulu April 13, arriving at the Delaware breakwater Aug. 1 at the same hour, covering a distance of 14,790.

The corner stone of the Cape Cod memorial monument, commemorating the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on American soil was laid Aug. 21st, with imposing ceremony. President Roosevelt delivered the address. The structure will be built of stone contributed by 125 towns of Massachusetts, as well as a number of towns in England. It will cost \$100,000 and when completed will be one of the most prominent landmarks on the Atlantic coast.

The largest flag in the world floats from the tallest building in the world. It was raised Aug. 15 in honor of Robert Fulton's great work to humanity to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the first steamboat. It measures 29 feet by 59 feet, and consists of the United States emblem on a ground of white. It is known as the peace flag and was raised under the auspices of the League of Peace. It floats from the thirty-fourth floor of the Singer Building, which now stands 435 feet from Broadway.



Fattening by Force

"Some of you chicken raisers," said the man chewing a straw, "may not know it, but there is over \$900,000 invested in this country in fattening plants where chickens are made to get fat whether they want to or not. It has been done in Europe for a long time, but is only recently adopted here. There are 24 fattening plants in Illinois, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri, and each one has its machine for forcing the food down the chicken's throat. Four plants in Chicago fatten hundreds of thousands every year. The chickens are fed the natural way for a week, and then when they don't want to eat any more, they are taken to the machine and the food stuffed down them. After the first two or three operations they seem to like it, and they fatten very rapidly. They are fed only 28 times, twice a day, before they are fat enough to kill. Machine fattened poultry is said to be plumper and have a better flavor than the other kind. The money cost may be a little greater, but the saving is in the time."

A New House Heater

"There is always something new," remarked a dapper little man, and the latest is a plan to heat rooms without heaters—at least, ordinary heaters. It is by electricity, and is invented by a Frenchman, named Hergott. M. Hergott is making at his factory at Valdo, rugs and carpets and curtains, and other hangings and bed clothes, out of a material called thermopile. This material is constructed of wool, silk, or other stuff, woven about fine metallic wire, like the filament in incandescent burners. These articles, used as such articles usually are in house furnishing, are connected with an ordinary electric wire, and they become warm enough to raise the temperature of a room to 70 or 80 degrees according to the current. They will not take fire and heating from the floor as they do, give a much better distributed heat than by the old way. Bed clothing so warmed does away with all the ordinary blankets and quilts. There are even thermopile nightgowns. Goodness knows, what we'll be having next."

National Banks

"It used to be," said a foker-looking man who had the appearance of having money in his clothes, "that there was a prejudice against national banks, but if there is any of it now, the banks go on growing just the same. Since 1900, there have been 3,157 new banks opened for business, having an aggregate capital of \$180,458,300. Most of these banks have started in the Middle West and the South, 898 with 54 millions capital, in the former, and 791 with 44 millions capital in the latter. The Western and Pacific states have 906 with 36 millions capital. In the Eastern states, where conditions are different, 519 new banks have three millions more capital than the 900 banks of the West. New England has a showing of only 23 new banks with five millions capital, Hawaii has two, with \$800,000 capital, and Porto Rico one with \$100,000. Banking has come to the front strongly in Canada, also, the past ten years showing an increase of deposits from 185 millions to 607 millions, and total assets from 320 millions to 809 millions. Money seems to be plenty everywhere, and I guess it is, but still it strikes most of us as about as hard to get hold of now as it ever did. What?"

The Father of "Labor Day"

"I suppose," said a man who didn't look as if he had ever worked more than eight hours a day in his life, "that most of you chaps have been so busy you have never had time to find out who the man is that put 'Labor Day' in the calendar. Any of you know? No? I thought you didn't. Well, as you seem to have a little leisure just now, listen and I'll tell you. His name is Robert Price, and at last accounts he was somewhere in Kansas. He may be dead now, for all I know, because he is past seventy years of age, and when they get that far along they may quit most any time. Anyway, Robert Price is the Father of Labor Day, and it came about this way: He was a miner 25 years ago at Lonaconing, Md., at which time the Knights of Labor was the leading organization among workingmen and Powderly was its prophet. Price was very much interested in the cause, and was so valorous a Knight that when the Local Assembly of his place met to choose a delegate to the General Assembly at New York City in 1881, he was named for the place. The meeting in New York was an enthusiastic one, and after the big street parade, Price entered the convention hall worked up to fever heat. He wanted to make a speech, for he could make a good one, and Master Workman Powderly let him have the floor. He had some difficulty in getting the enthusiastic delegates to listen, but at last he had them quiet and he gave them a burst of oratory that would have startled the halls of Congress. At the close of his speech a sudden idea came to him and he wound up with this: 'I move you, Mr. Chairman, that it be the unanimous decision of this convention that hereafter one day of the year shall be set aside and on that day labor shall not labor, but shall go forth and show that it is free and glorious in its prowess.' He sat down and the entire convention went into an uproar. A thousand were on their feet shouting and the meeting was wild. After a time Powderly settled them and he asked Price what he should call the day. 'Labor Day,' Price instantly replied, and again the convention went into the air. Before adjournment Price's motion was carried unanimously, and it was not long afterwards until the workingman had his day recognized legally. Today Labor Day, the first Monday in September, is a legal holiday in all the states except Nevada, North Dakota and Wyoming, and it has gone over into Canada, where it is also very generally observed. Perhaps, in the years to come, Robert Price may have a monument, but if he does, it will be because Labor is more willing to reward him after his death than while he is living."

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sta. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

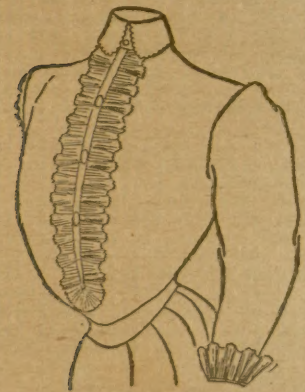
k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Dainty Waist Accessories

RUFFLED strips for the fronts of shirt-waists, are at present very popular. Such an addition dresses up an otherwise plain waist and adds to its attractiveness. If made detachable they can be easily laundered and worn with either thick or thin waists. To make one of these, take a strip of lawn or linen four inches wide and forty-eight inches long; hem both edges very narrowly; then knife plait it very finely. Press on wrong side, leaving in basting threads. Baste a band one half inch wide straight down through the center of



A RUFFLED WAIST.

plaiting; stitch on each side of band and then take basting out of plaiting. Use the small fancy sheath pins, for fastening this down the front, to the waist underneath. These ruffles are made of plain lawn or linen; of dotted muslin; of plain muslin with narrow lace on the edges; of white lawn with edges bound with pink, blue, lavender or yellow, before being plaited. A specially neat model has small dots worked at intervals in the hem, and larger ones on the straight band down the center. The lower edge may be left straight to tuck under belt, or may be rounded and made to come an inch or two above the belt.

The laundering of these ruffles is a slow process, but not difficult. Each plait must be laid exactly in place before being ironed. After ironing, pull out edges, so the ruffle will not lay flat but fluffy at the edges. Some of the ruffles are gathered instead of plaited. In that case use twice the length, or thirty-two inches, instead of three times the length, as is always used for plaiting. Cuffs made in the same way are also worn.

There is a great vogue, at present, for the stiff turnover collar, to close at the front, like a man's collar. Of course in past seasons ladies have worn this style of plain linen collar, and with severe shirt-waists it is very attractive. It is made much more so now, as these



TURNOVER COLLAR. FIG. 1.

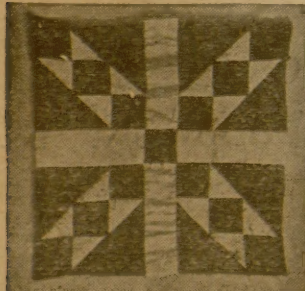


BUTTERFLY BOW. FIG. 2.

new designs show embroidery on the front, and often the scalloped edge; some have a tiny plaiting all around the edge of linen. These collars, Fig. 1, are made of heavy linen, exactly like a man's collar, with buttonholes in ends of band and at center of band in the back. Shirt-waists must have neckbands one half inch wide, with buttonholes to correspond with those in collar, and studs are used. With these collars are worn a small black bow

Patchwork

These two patterns were submitted by Lois E. Rhoads, and are good examples of what can be done with very small pieces.



GRANDMOTHER'S FANCY.

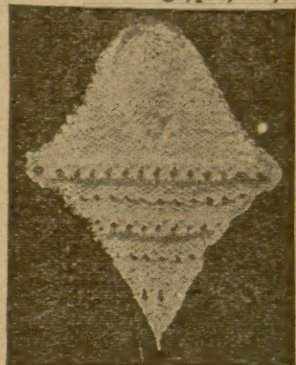
Use a drab or brown for the center of the burr and red and green for the little half squares, white for the background, and place four and four burrs together with squares between of dark green.

Knitted Diamonds for Tidy or Bed-Spread

Use white knitting cotton, No. 16 and two knitting needles, and cast upon one three stitches.

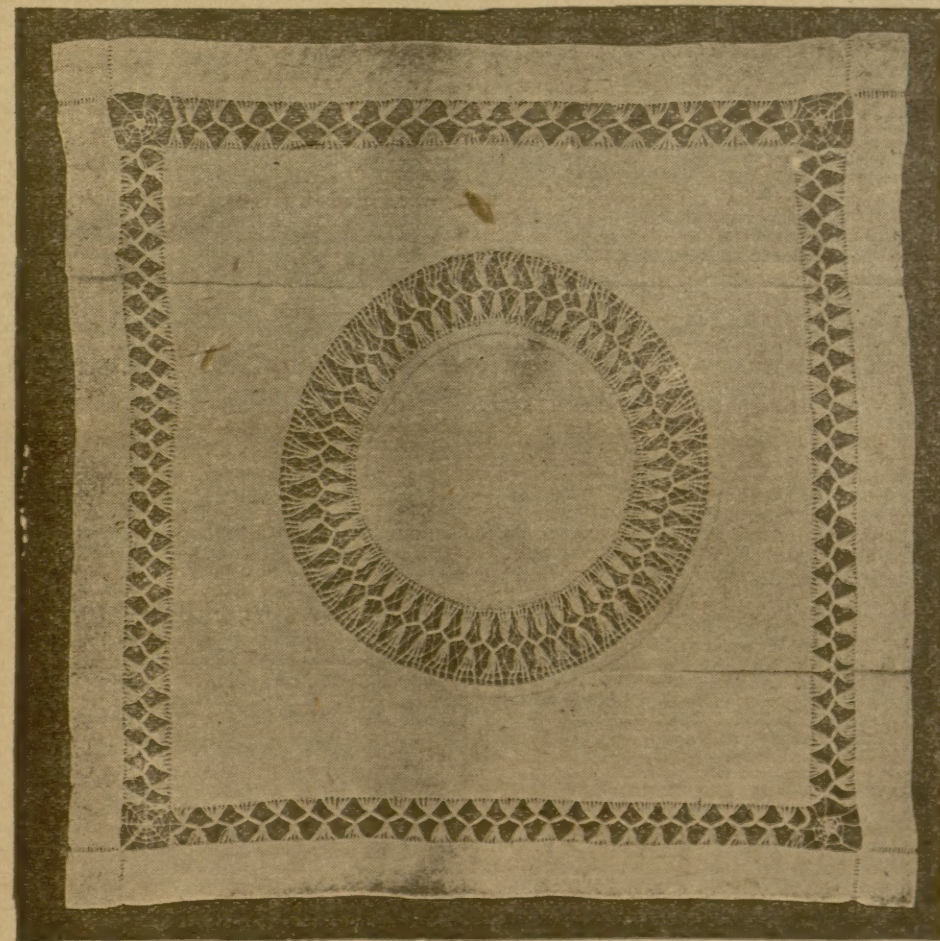
1st row.—Make 1, p. 1, k. the straight lower loop between the stitches, k. 1, k. loop, p. 1.
2nd row.—Make one (which hereafter will be called edge), k. 1, p. 3, k. 2.
3rd row.—Edge, p. 2, k. 1, knit loop, k. 1, p. 2.
4th row.—Edge, k. 2, p. 5, k. 3.

5th row.—Edge, p. 3, k. 2, knit loop, k. 1, knit loop, k. 2, p. 3.
6th row.—Edge, k. 3, p. 7, k. 4.
7th row.—Edge, p. 4, k. 3, knit loop, k. 1, knit loop, k. 3.
8th row.—Edge, k. 4, p. 9, k. 5.
9th row.—Edge, p. 5, k. 4, knit loop, k. 1, knit loop, k. 4, p. 5.
10th row.—Edge, k. 5, p. 11, k. 6.
11th row.—Edge, p. 6, k. 5, knit loop, k. 1, knit loop, k. 5, p. 6.
12th row.—Edge, k. 6, p. 13, p. 7.
13th row.—Edge, p. 7, k. 6, knit loop, p. 1, knit loop, k. 6, p. 7.



KNITTED DIAMOND FOR TIDY OR BEDSPREAD.

14th row.—Edge, k. 7, p. 13, p. 2 tog., k. 8.
15th row.—Edge, p. 8, k. 12, n., p. 8.
16th row.—Edge, k. 8, p. 11, p. 2 tog., k. 9.
17th row.—Edge, p. 9, k. 10, n., p. 9.
18th row.—Edge, k. 9, p. 9, p. 2 tog., k. 10.
19th row.—Edge, p. 10, k. 8, n., p. 10.
20th row.—Edge, k. 10, p. 7, p. 2 tog., k. 11.
21st row.—Edge, p. 11, k. 6, n., p. 11.
22nd row.—Edge, k. 11, p. 5, p. 2 tog., k. 12.
23rd row.—Edge, p. 12, k. 4, n., p. 12.
24th row.—Edge, k. 12, p. 3, p. 2 tog., k. 13.
25th row.—Edge, p. 13, k. 2, n., p. 13.
26th row.—Edge, k. 13, p. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 14.
27th row.—Edge, p. 14, n., p. 14.
28th row.—Edge, k. 14, p. 1, k. 15, there are now 31 stitches.



LINEN DOILY WITH ROUND INSERT OF TENERIFFE WORK. Sent in by Lina Brown.

29th row.—Knit across plain.
30th row.—Purl across.
31st row.—Knit across plain.
32nd row.—P. 1, thread over 1, p 2 tog., all across the needle, making fifteen eyelets.
33rd row.—Knit across plain, narrow at end.
34th row.—Purl across, purl last two together.
35th row.—Knit across, narrow last two.
36th row.—Knit across plain, narrow.
37th row.—Purl across, n., to narrow at end of purl needles, p. 2 tog.
38th row.—Knit across plain.



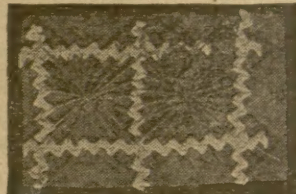
PINE BURR.

39th row.—P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. across, making twelve eyelets.
40th row.—Knit across, narrow.
41st row.—Purl across, narrow.

42nd row.—Knit across, narrow.
43rd row.—Same as forty-second row.
44th row.—Purl across, narrow.
45th row.—Knit across, narrow.
46th row.—P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. across, making nine eyelets.
47th row.—Knit across, narrow.
48th row.—Purl across, narrow.
49th row.—Knit across, narrow.
50th row.—Same as forty-ninth row.
51st row.—Purl across, narrow.
52nd row.—Knit across, narrow.
53rd row.—P. 1, thread over, narrow, all across making six eyelets.
54th row.—K. 11, narrow.
55th row.—P. 16, narrow.
56th row.—K. 9, narrow.
57th row.—K. 8, narrow.
58th row.—P. 7, narrow.
59th row.—K. 6, narrow.
60th row.—P. 1, thread over, p. 2 tog. all across, making three eyelets.
61st row.—K. 5, narrow.
62nd row.—P. 4, narrow.
63rd row.—K. 3, narrow.
64th row.—K. 2, narrow.
65th row.—P. 1, narrow.
66th row.—Narrow, draw the thread through the stitch. When casting on stitches and finishing, leave length of yarn enough with which to sew them together; they can be set together in different ways, to suit one's fancy. MRS. W. V. COPELAND.

Sofa Pillow Cover

Mrs. Wm. Boeger sends in sample squares for making a sofa pillow cover. For a foundation almost any cotton material could be used; over this is basted rick-rack braid to form squares. Then from point to point silk or silkateen of some harmonizing or contrasting color, is run, after which, beginning in the center, fancy forms can be darned in. New designs will be developed as one works.

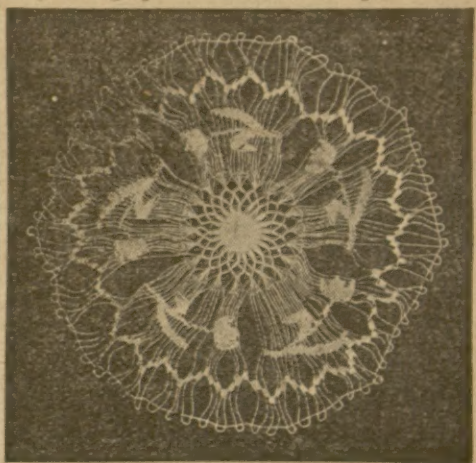


RICK-RACK SQUARES.

Round Tenerife Inserts for Square Doily

After deciding on the size of the circle wanted draw it on stiff brown paper. Then

petal, bring thread down at bottom of center petal, over and under five threads once, drop thread, take up thread, continue taking up one thread until you have woven up eight threads, take up one more thread at top, one at bottom, weave twice, slightly drawing in at bottom to round off petal. Make other petal in same way only taking up one less thread at top.



TULIP TENERIFFE WHEEL.

To make stem catch thread in center of lower petal, weave under one thread, over one thread, dropping and taking up one thread until you have woven down twenty threads. Make outside leaf thus, weave up from bottom of the stem nine threads, weave back four threads, drop thread, take up thread, weave twice, continue this up eight more threads, now drop one stitch each time until you have three threads left, run thread down leaf. To make inside leaf, counting twelve threads down from flower, weave up four threads, drop one, take up one, weave twice, continue this way until you have taken up four threads, now weave down taking up one each, each time, continue this until you are weaving down nine threads, carry thread back on leaf and knot stitch, continue making until you have made five of these. Now place in the center of the linen and button-hole down.

Drawnwork Doily

The doily border pattern is based on one center thread, instead of two. The threads all

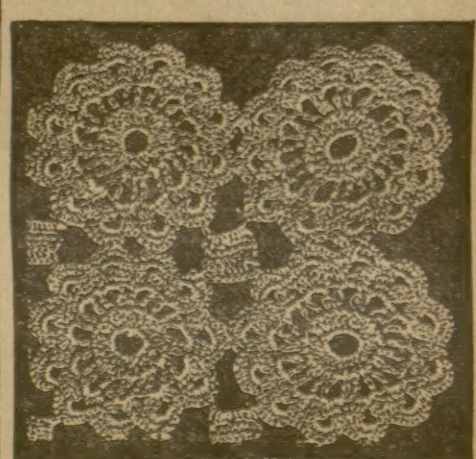


DRAWNWORK DOILY.

cross the center, and are knotted alternately from side to side. After which the corners and fans in the center of each side, are darned in.

Daisy-wheel Mat

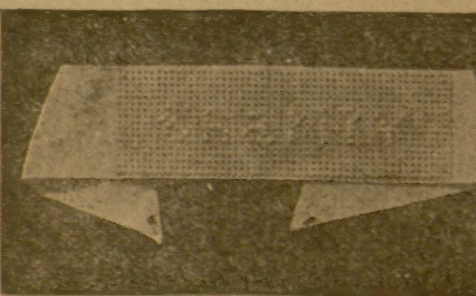
To make the wheels:
1st row.—Ch. 8, join, ch. 3, 23 tr. in ring.
2nd row.—Ch. 4, tr. between next 2 trs., ch. 2, and repeat.
3rd row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr., 2 ch. and 3 tr. in same place, sl. 2 tr. and shell in next 2 ch.
4th row.—Work 8 short tr. in every shell,



DAISY-WHEEL MAT.

catching with single, between each, join with needle, as in illustration, then work the blocks between each wheel, as follows:

Ch. 4, catch in opposite shell, ch. 2, 7 d. c. on 4 ch., turn, ch. 2, and repeat twice, fasten off in next shells, leaving a square block between. For an organ stool cover, work with luster cotton, or silk, and finish with a fringe. ALICE PHILLIPS.



BOOKMARK.

If the cardboard cannot be secured, baste canvas on a ribbon, work a word or short sentence and then pull out the canvas thread by thread. This will leave the work on the ribbon.

A SPECKLED BIRD

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By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-seeing, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of age she wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Slowly disease weakens the proud woman. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

CHAPTER IV.

MY ONLY JOY IN ALL THE WORLD.

WHERE it possible to probe the recesses of celebration by some psychological process as searching as the Roentgen ray, many strange beliefs would be dragged from secret chambers sedulously guarded, where mental fetiches are worshipped. Those who knew Eliza Mitchell well considered her a very pretty, dignified, reticent young widow, who won respect by her adherence to mourning garments—never laid aside after her husband's death; but her rigid observance of the strictest phase of Methodist discipline presented a certain austerity of character that appeared to rebuke quietly even the members of her own denomination who indulged in "the putting on of gold and costly apparel, and taking such diversions" as aforesaid were considered appendages of the "flesh and the devil."

Keenly observant and silently contemplative, she had grown shrewd as a judge of character, and laid the tribute of her confidence at the feet of few; yet this little woman, eminently practical and rigidly orthodox in the faith of her father, had surrendered to one belief that dominated heart, soul, and mind—that ruled her absolutely, and that she jealously guarded from all but her God. Her most intense and precious conviction was that the soul created and intended for her baby boy, who never breathed, had been assigned to the body of Marcia's infant girl born a little later. She was assured that her child had never known life on earth, and had been in his coffin but a few hours when Eliza first opened her eyes. Souls never die. What of the soulless still-born? Would God deny any Christian mother reunion with her innocent baby in the world of spirits? From the hour that Marcia's wailing child was laid on Eliza's bosom she accepted it as an incarnation of the soul of little Elliot, adrift in space but housed at last in the form committed to her fostering care. Whether this phantasmal belief sprang from feverish conditions under which she first felt the baby's warm lips at her breast, Eliza never questioned; and as the years passed the conviction strengthened, until she easily explained all Eliza's waywardness by the hypothesis that a boy's soul fretted under the imitations of a girl's body. Ignorant of the complex elements that fed her devotion to the child, even Mrs. Maurice could not fully understand her idolatrous fondness, her perfect and marvellous patience that condoned all errors, and only Eliza could have told how often she was fondled as "my Elliot" when cradle songs were crooned in the sanctuary of the nursery. Notwithstanding Mrs. Mitchell was zealous in missionary work, and when she read her reports as treasurer of the "Hindustan" fund, she dwelt feelingly on the benighted superstition that worshiped idols and believed in transmigration of soul.

After Mrs. Maurice's death, Mr. Whitfield as administrator closed Nutwood, leaving Aaron and his daughter Celia custodians, and Eliza and Eliza went to Washington, where two small rooms were selected for their occupancy in the fashionable "apartments" leased by Senator Kent. His daughter now enjoyed every educational advantage that a governess for modern languages and a tutor for Greek and mathematics could supply, while teachers in the entire range of feminine accomplishments were eager to encourage cultivation of any special talent. In dancing and riding she was found surprisingly proficient, and as Senator Kent was desirous she should enter as early as possible a "woman's college" in his native state where one of his sisters was professor, the child was industriously coached to achieve this purpose.

Standing as it were on the rim of a new world, strewn with the flotsam and jetsam of shattered political, ethical, and domestic systems, where all nations and social conditions found representation, Eliza and Eliza confronted novel customs, strange beliefs, and cosmopolitan diction that clashed sharply on the conservative standards of old Southern usage. Tethered to the pivot of her Methodist discipline, Mrs. Mitchell swung around the narrow circle of conscientious orthodoxy; but Eliza made alarming excursions into ecclesiastical provinces, and their first serious altercation arose from the announcement that the girl had decided to join the class for confirmation in the Episcopal church where Judge Kent worshipped.

"Confirmation? Oh, no; you are too young to take such an important step."

"Now, Ma-Lila, would you say that if I asked to join the Methodist Church?"

"That would be different, because you have more about the Church in which you have been raised."

"I know the Episcopal catechism from cover to cover, and I like the service, and the choristers, and the candles used in some Episcopal churches, and—"

"Dearie, you merely want to follow your father, and, moreover—"

"Did not you follow your father? You are what you are just because your father was a Methodist preacher, and a chaplain who was killed bringing my grandfather off the battlefield. What are fathers for, if not to set us examples?"

"Do you forget your dear grandmother, and her love for the church you were christened in, and could you who owe her so much defy her wishes?"

"Grandmother is so glad to get away and be in heaven that she never will worry over me any more; and if I am only good enough to go where she is when I die, what difference will it make to her how I got there? Seems to me, Ma-Lila, all this strife over different faiths is as foolish as denying people their choice of routes when they go traveling in summer. If we have perfect right to trust our bodies to our favorite railroad, we ought to feel as free to take tickets for our souls on any line that leads to God."

Eliza took the girl's hands and pressed the soft palms to her own cheeks, as she said, in a voice that faltered despite her will:

"My darling, let us wait. Promise me one thing; do nothing for another year at least. For my sake, baby, I beg of you."

Eliza saw unshed tears in the black eyes that had always shone tenderly on her, and rising she stole one arm around the nurse's neck and kissed her unsteady lips.

"Please don't fret about it. You shall have your wish. Of course I will wait a year if you think it best; but you must help me, because somehow it is harder for me to be good here than it was down at home."

"It is a sacred promise you make me now."

"I told you I would wait. Did I ever deceive you? You ought to know me better than Mrs. Kent, and even she told father yesterday she had been trying to find out whether I had more talent for the piano or the mandolin, and she concluded I really had no talent for anything—showed only genius for telling the truth."

Thenceforth Mrs. Mitchell redoubled her efforts to control the spiritual aspirations of the girl to whom she had devoted her life, and the bargain she made with her conscience was that Judge Kent had the right to train and develop and decorate the body of his daughter, even along lines she deemed Philistine, but the immortal spark—the soul intended for her little Elliot—was immutably hers, to be saved eternally in the faith to which her own hopes were anchored. That night, when she had brushed and braided Eliza's golden-brown hair that no one else ever arranged, she suddenly caught the slim form in a straining embrace.

"God bless my Elliot—my own precious baby!"

"It has been a long time since you called me Elliot, and it sounds queer to give me the name of your boy. Why should you?"

"You are my boy, and my Eliza also; two in one, and my only joy in all the world. Don't argue, dearie; go to sleep."

She lifted her into bed and tucked the silk quilt carefully about her, as though crib days had not ended.

"Ma-Lila, if we should all meet in heaven—and I do hope that somehow I shall get there—I am afraid I shall feel puzzled to know who really is my mother, because it seems to me I belong more to you than to anybody else except father; but then grandmother will certainly be there, and she will carry me straight to that special spot—the heavenly 'west-end'—where all the Maurices dwell, and hand me over to her Marcia; the beautiful one I never saw, my own mother, who would not wait in this world long enough to look at me."

"Hush, my lamb! Good night."

In the adjoining room she sat down at a table where books were piled, and opening one read a marked passage:

"The story was told by the owner of a shop where was sold the amber-tinted syrup of malt given to young children when milk could not be obtained. A pale woman in white came very late for many nights to buy a cup of this syrup—*midzu ame*—but never spoke."

"One night, when she beckoned him to follow, he went with her to the cemetery, where she suddenly vanished in a tomb, and he heard a young child crying under ground. On opening the tomb there was found the corpse of the woman, and by her side a young infant smiling, who had been fed from a cup of *midzu ame* in the hand of the corpse. The woman had by mistake been prematurely buried. The child was born in the grave, and love—stronger than death—compelled the ghost to provide nourishment for her baby."

Eliza closed the volume and tossed it across the table.

"As if we needed old heathen Japan to teach us the length and breadth and depth and deathlessness of maternal devotion, when we know from the Bible that though God in heaven forsook His Son, the earthly mother clung to Jesus!"

It was an intensely cold, windless, brilliant moonlight night in January, two years after she came to live in Washington, and when the clock struck eleven she heard a quick but cautious step in the corridor and a slight tap at her door. Mr. Herriott stood at the threshold and beckoned her to the head of the steps.

"Is Eliza asleep?"

"I think she is."

"Come downstairs quietly."

In the lower hall, where the lights burned brightly, she saw that he looked pale and troubled.

"Mrs. Mitchell, a terrible blow has fallen upon us. Mrs. Kent went sleighing with some friends, and the horses became uncontrollable. The sleigh was over-turned, and poor Nina, thrown against a stone wall, was killed instantly. Will you do what is best when she is brought home? Don't rouse little Eliza. I am going to find Senator Kent, who is in committee meeting, and break the news as gently as possible. Poor, dear Nina! So merry, so kind hearted! Laughing and chaffing me for my awkwardness when I tucked the lap robe about her feet."

Once more death levelled a wall that in some degree barred Eliza from her father,

and from that wintry night she dated the beginning of her happy reign over his undivided affection—a monopoly she had long coveted as the supreme privilege and crown of life.

CHAPTER V.

"POSE ON NO PEDESTALS AND YOU WILL ESCAPE FALLS."

"Has the success of the experiment justified the labor and enthusiasm you spent upon it?"

"Yes, Noel, the result far surpasses my hopes, and I am impatient for you to visit us, not only to understand fully the complete success of the work, but to receive the grateful acknowledgments of every member of the Order."

"Then you bar your doors against me, because any expression of thanks is annoying, and the great pleasure I gave myself in deeding the property to you would be marred. Remember, Vernon, I am not a well-rounded character, measured by your ecclesiastical tape-line, and one of my ugly angles is aversion to thanks. If you have drained the marshland and reclaimed the house from mildew and mice you have made your neighbors debtors."

"The same Noel Herriott of college days!"

"Only more so, if you please. Nothing human is immutable, and if a man does not improve he grows worse. By the way, is your reverence still 'Brother Temple, or have you climbed the ladder of spiritual promotion?"

"I am always Vernon to you, but the world knows me as 'Father Temple.' When will you come to us at 'Calvary House' and inspect the rich harvest from the seed you sowed? I long for the one thing you have withheld—your deep, hearty sympathy in my grand and holy work."

"Meaning that nothing less than the three vows will assure you of my safety?"

"That is beyond all that I ever dared to hope, but your cordial approbation would cheer me more than the indorsement of any other man. Generous though you are in financial assistance, your mental attitude toward our Order is that of the smiling tolerance with which one watches a child building a house of cards."

"When will you come to the lovely home you have given us? There is one room we have called 'Founder's,' and set apart for you; and, Noel, no sun sets that has not brought us to our knees in prayer for you who made it possible for us to own a chapel. When shall we welcome you?"

"Not now. I must go home, where matters need attention. Strange, is it not, that the magic of a name should outlive all it represents? That lonely old stone house staring at its shadow on the lake has no vital element of home except my horses and dogs, and one Maltese cat that sleeps in my armchair. When Nina married Senator Kent the last thread that tied me to anything like domesticity snapped, and I followed my bent and prowled from land to land."

"Why do you not marry some sweet, gentle woman and settle you elf?"

"Scarcely the advice one might expect from the priestly Father of an Anglican celibate order. Has your creed narrowed to such alternatives? Either a cell at Calvary or the snare and disillusion of marriage? Unfortunately for me, women have exerted only a traditional influence on my life. My own young mother died before I could remember her, and I was consigned to tutors when I should have been trundling hoops. I went early to college, and after father's second marriage was rarely at home; hence my acquaintance with women in the home circle is nebulous and legendary. As a boy I disdained sweethearts; as a man they disdain me. The only woman I ever really cared for would no more marry me than a stone slab in a cemetery; so, with many thanks, I cannot utilize your counsel, and it only remains for you to keep a cell for me at Calvary. Some day at eventide I may creep in, and you will kindly shrive and bless me."

Mr. Herriott had been leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and when he rose he towed six feet two inches, smiling gravely at the upturned face of Father Temple, whose somber clerical habit contrasted vividly with the white yachting flannels worn by his friend.

"Ah, Noel, what a Viking you look! Save prize fighting, is there anything in the realm of athletics you have not accomplished?"

"I fear you would not compliment me with even that civilized exception if you had seen a skirmish, minus weapons, that I had with a hairy, tattooed Dyak in a Borneo jungle where I hunted orchids. Vernon, if you trained your muscles more, and let up a little on your soul, allowed it a breathing spell, you would not look so flaccid and anemic. Come, dine with me tonight."

"No, thank you. I am to give a brief 're-treat.' Tell me about my cousin Eliza; you crossed the ocean in the same steamer."

"You have not seen her?"

"For a few moments only. She is a beautiful girl."

"What remains to be said—since you accord her the mantle of beauty, whose folds, broader even than charity's, hide all defects? Where shall I begin? Being her cousin, you must know what I have merely heard; that she swept through college like a southern tornado—or should I have said like a meteor?—carrying off the honors, and was the youngest graduate who had ever turned the heads of the spectacled lecturers. Yet it appears she values her trophy merely because her laurels pleased her father, at whose feet she sits in adoration. In her physique, gymnastic training leaves nothing to be improved; she won badges, and can hold her own at basket-ball, tennis, rowing, and swimming. Is not the catalogue complete? So much for mental attainments and physical perfection, but in the domain of womanly emotions she is simply an unknown quantity—a later-day sphinx, fresh and fair before drifting desert sands deface her. If a lover should ever win her heart he will certainly be entitled to it, by the supreme right of discovery. Her affection for Judge Kent absolutely rules her, and in one respect she is unique, she is as utterly incapable of flirtations as an unfledged owl."

On account of the family connection you have been thrown so intimately into her so-

ciety that I hoped you could tell me something of her religious tendencies."

"I am such a confirmed tramp that my visits to the family have been brief and interrupted by long absences. Eliza always appealed peculiarly to my sympathy because of the pathetic antagonism of her environment. Your cousin, Judge Kent, was very much disliked at the South, where sectional political rancor was, is, and will be rife, and his child suffered keenly on that account. When she came North to live, her social surroundings were even worse, because she furiously resented every reflection upon the people of the South, where the Maurices were conspicuous in war records. Her efforts at loyalty all around the circle have not made smooth sailing for her, and her motives were doubtless complex. You are curious about her 'religious tendencies'? If you are wise you will not stir any Calvary leaven into the pure sweet flour of her soul, unless you covet war with that nondescript personage Mrs. Mitchell—an anomalous blend, alert as a lynx, wary as a fox, stealthy as a cougar—who serves Eliza in divers and sundry capacities: an amalgamated foster-mother, housekeeper, maid, companion, chaperon, and confidante. She is a Simon-pure puritan, prim as Priscilla, and her processes of reasoning are quite as broad as the edge of a razor. That she viciously opposes all forms of 'ritualism' I happen to know from listening to a discussion between her and Eliza, in which the whole bundle of dogmas was thrashed out, from 'historic episcopate' and 'confession' to incense, candles, and 'reservation of the sacrament.' What a pile of chaff they built! Eliza's appreciation of sensuous beauty and classical music inclines her to gorgeous vestments, jeweled windows, and the rhythmic chanting of choristers that lift their chins like Raphael's cherubs, but Mrs. Mitchell finds in the severe simplicity of her own tabernacle an added sanctity, and your Calvary House will be to her that of Rimmon. In Rome Judge Kent had a touch of fever which frightened Eliza into telegraphing for me at Basle, where I was attending a scientific congress, so we came home together."

"If Eliza's enthusiasm could be aroused in our mission work, she would wield an incalculable power for good."

"Vernon—pardon the lapse into argot—'don't!' Let the child pick her own way to peace. She is not addicted to enthusiasms; one attack long ago destroyed her susceptibility to subsequent seizures; she can be enthusiastic over only one teraph—her father. Must you go? Wait a moment. Friendship is frank, and I am sorry to see you losing the vigor that in college days distinguished you. Fast less, and sleep more. Come home with me and hunt and fish and row, and let other people's souls enjoy a vacation."

As they shook hands Father Temple asked: "And what have scientific congresses done for your soul, Noel?"

"Drawn me closer, I hope, to the Creator whose subtle and inexorable laws are best revealed to the faithful student that fearlessly analyzes His universal work. The sole aim of scientists is 'to admit nothing false, and to omit nothing true.' Vernon, have faith in me as of old, and keep a cell whitewashed for me at Calvary House. Truly—"

"So many paths lead up to God, Twere strange if any soul should miss them all."

With his hand on the stair rail the minister paused and looked back.

"One thing I wish to ask is whether Eliza had any special admirers abroad? American heiresses are attractive."

"She had as many beaus as she chose to permit. Two attaches of American legations were particularly attentive, and a handsome English naval officer whose father is a duke will doubtless cross the ocean to renew his acquaintance. Possess your soul in patience. Her heart is as sound asleep as when she dreamed in her crib, and the man who wakes and wins it will travel no macadamized road. Before Lent she will be in New York for a week, and when Congress adjourns the family will come to me on the Lake for a visit."

Given a man of thirty-three, unusually good-looking, possessing by inheritance a large fortune, dowered with infinite leisure upon which no professional duties laid intrusive claim, handicapped by no church obligations, and the world assumes that he has inevitably run the gamut of those iniquities set by Satan as snares for the idle rich. Intensely virile as was Noel Herriott, his polished placidity of manner and courteous conservatism masked in some degree the strength and tenacious obstinacy of a character that presented enigmatical phases to those who knew him best. Heredity and education had combined in kneading him physically, mentally, and morally along rather peculiar curves during the plastic period of boyhood, and the finishing touches that determined the mould came from his parting interview with his Presbyterian father, when Fergus Herriott sent him away to college.

"My son, God gave you a remarkably fine body. Neither neglect nor abuse it, but be sure you master it from the start, else you will be the slave of your own flesh. Bad habits are the leeches that would suck a Hercules to effeminacy. Steer as clear of the sins labelled 'Thou shalt not' as you would of that leper island down in the Pacific. The ten commandments are equal links in the moral chain, and it is no man's privilege to pick and choose which he will break or which he will keep; because if he violates one, it is merely a question of temptation, necessity, and opportunity when he will transgress all. If he bears false witness and lies, he will steal money as he filched character; if he covets his neighbor's wife, the time comes when he murders her husband. You are going where you will hear much fine talk about 'lofty, broadening, philosophic ideals' and 'progressive, altruistic standards of humanitarianism and honor.' Now mark you, God's laws are not 'progressive,' they are absolutely fixed, and when you are as old as I am you will have learned that 'man's honor,' unless based on them, is merely a sliding scale set up on a quicksand. My boy, try to lead such a clean life that when the mirror of records is held up to you in the final judgment you will not squirm and want to look the other way, and now, my last word is, you had the great misfortune to lose your dear, sweet mother in this world—be sure you deserve to find her in the next."

During the journey to college he found in (CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper, only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published without the name and address. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, natural and the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I first wish to thank you for permitting space for my letters, request, etc., which have been the means of bringing me in touch with many kind friends who nobly responded to my appeal, and second to dear kind sisters, cousins or any of COMFORT's million of readers who have remembered me in my dark hours of suffering and, especially, those who have more than remembered me by sending me help. I wish to impress it on their memory and may these words rest as footprints on the sand of time: "Inasmuch as we have done it, unto the least of these my brethren we have done it unto me." I trust these lines will not be your only comfort, but to think how I appreciated all and my poor drooping heart revived at each token of remembrance or gift as a drooping, wilted flower from a drop of rain.

I am still suffering great agony and my disease become more complicated and more serious in many ways worse than a year ago and the end is only a question of time, as I can never recover. I see much to be done, and so many places needed to be filled and so many ways open. I have a desire to be able to fill some yet I cannot do it as my own is all I can fill and that only with a great struggle, against weakness and trials.

Now dear sisters, and all who have a mother and are married, or away from home, please bear in mind to go to see mother real often. Your presence is welcome every time you go, be it ever so often and mother always delighted to see her own. Many witness the loss of mother and then it is too late to make the visits and there is much left undone that can never be done. I know how it is to be without a mother. Many of us never realize the treasure there is in a mother while she is with us.

There is much I would like to chat about with the sisters, for I am one of the lumber tongues, I can always find something to talk about. I think the COMFORT Sisters' Corner is a real enjoyment to many. The way to learn the value of anything, is to give it a trial, and it seems to me the more the sisters take interest in this corner, the more they enjoy it and the more help they derive from it. And they are all kind and social, and not partial. We should never allow partiality to prevail over any of us, remembering we were all placed here by the same great Power and must all lie down low as the dust and must return as poor as we came into the world, one as much as another. And in that great day to come, what difference will there be in what we possessed? The richest in earthly treasure will be as the poorest. If I possessed millions I would freely give them for the blessings some of the poor have, one is health. What I prize as riches is health and the robe of righteousness. And I feel as though I stand in the greatest need of these. I must be one of the poor and needy, if anyone ever was.

I wonder if most of the sisters are as I was when strong and able to stroll out among the beauties of outdoors, too busy with other matters to spend much time admiring the lovely beauties of God's creatures and creation. Now how beautiful it all appears to me since I became a shut-in.

I don't suppose city folks can enjoy the beauties of nature which God has placed for us to admire as much as those who live in the country. But they have more of the works of art. I think the shut-ins of the city are the as lonesome as country shut-ins for they have more visitors. We who live in the country and daily watch for our visitors through the mails, that is why we ask for so many to remember us through COMFORT.

I will suggest one plan to make use of garments that are outgrown or faded. Take dyes of two bright contrasting colors, dye the best parts of garments and press, then cut in blocks or strips and without much labor they can be made into useful comforts or quilts that will last as long as new cloth.

I hope to be remembered by all in any way. Leaving all in the hands of Him who doeth all things.

MISS AZUBAH LEE, Dunn, R. D., 2, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have spent part of my time lately reading some old numbers of COMFORT and found them both interesting and instructive, and I surely think COMFORT grows better. I think the readers seem to take pride and interest in trying to help their unseen friends, and as descriptions of different localities seem to be in order I will try to tell you all something of old N. C.:

Our state is situated on the eastern slope of the Appalachian Mountains and about half way between Maine and Florida. In size North Carolina is the seventeenth in the Union. With the exception of Florida and Georgia it is the largest state on the Atlantic coast. The state derives its name from Carolus, the Latin word for Charles.

North Carolina has a coast-line of more than three hundred miles. Along its whole length stretches a chain of long, narrow sandy islands.

The outlying shoals of Capes Hatteras, Fear, and Lookout make navigation very dangerous. This state is divided into three natural divisions: the eastern, middle, and western. The eastern is generally low, level, and sandy. The middle is hilly, and the western mountainous. The eastern part of the state was once sea bottom, as is clearly shown by the marl beds, and bones of sea animals found in many localities of this division. One hundred miles from the present coast-line, was found the skeleton of a whale fifty feet long. The portion near the coast is intersected by numerous swamps and marshes. The largest is the Hyde County Swamp and has an area of about three hundred square miles. We also have about one hundred square miles of the Great Dismal Swamp, besides a number of smaller ones.

Some of the finest corn grown in the state is in the well-drained swamp lands. North Carolina is one of the best watered states in the Union. In the eastern region we have the Roanoke. The Indians used to tell the first settlers in the eastern part of the state that the head waters of the Roanoke were in a cave so near the shore of a far-away western ocean, that in stormy weather the salty spray from the breakers would sometimes be dashed into it and there mingled with the river water. The lowlands near the coast are dotted with fresh water lakes. In the eastern division the soil is of a peaty nature and burns readily.

There are few islands on the coast except the long, narrow, sandy islands called "the banks." These vary in width from a few yards to more than two miles. They are inhabited by a hardy race of people called the "bankers," who subsist mainly by fishing and occasionally by whaling. Sometimes as many as five or six whales are caught in a couple of weeks, usually in the spring, then again none are caught for several years. The "bankers" raise for market a small, tough pony known as the "banks' pony." They receive no care or attention from their owners. Frequently the fresh-water pools on the islands dry up in summer. Then a pony wishing to drink goes to the bed of the pool, paws a hole into the sand where the water soon rises, and thus he gets all the water he wants. In the region of Nag's Head the winds blow the sand into large hills, some of which are more than forty feet high. They form on the ocean side of the banks, and in a few years the winds move them across the banks into the Sound. Nothing can stop them, hotels and cottages being frequently buried by them on their journey from the beach to the Sound.

The largest island is Roanoke, it has an area of twenty-five miles and is the island on which the first English colonists attempted to make a permanent settlement in America. The first white child was born here and the Carolinians are very proud of this fact. The eastern section

the mountain. I am sure you would enjoy it. I have been to the top several times. One can see the Ridge Mountains on a clear day and they are one hundred miles away; of these, Mitchell's High Peak is the highest land east of the Mississippi. It attains an elevation of 6,688 feet above the sea-level. The journey from Montreal to Mt. Mitchell is fifteen miles and part of the way has to be made on the backs of mules; the rest walked. The mountain is named in honor of Dr. Mitchell, whose life was lost so many years ago in the pool on the top of the mountain. His body was in perfect preservation after having been in the water eleven days. In the mountain section, the air is singularly pure and healthful. The summers are cool and refreshing. There is in this section a peculiar belt, frost sufficient to injure fruits and vegetables, is unknown. This belt of exemption from frost is found on both sides of the mountains. The lines of exemption are so sharply defined that there, sometimes, stands out before the eye a horizontal belt of verdure between parallel lines above and below of flowers and foliage that have been killed by frost.

Formerly three fourths of the mica used in the world was supplied by North Carolina. Natural objects of interest are numerous and are found mostly in the western section. We find the Hickory Nut Gap, a deep pass in the Blue Ridge, Table Rock, and the curious pile of stones in the form of an inverted pyramid called "Ginger Cake Rock."

Any person wishing further information enclose stamp and I will answer all inquiries possible.

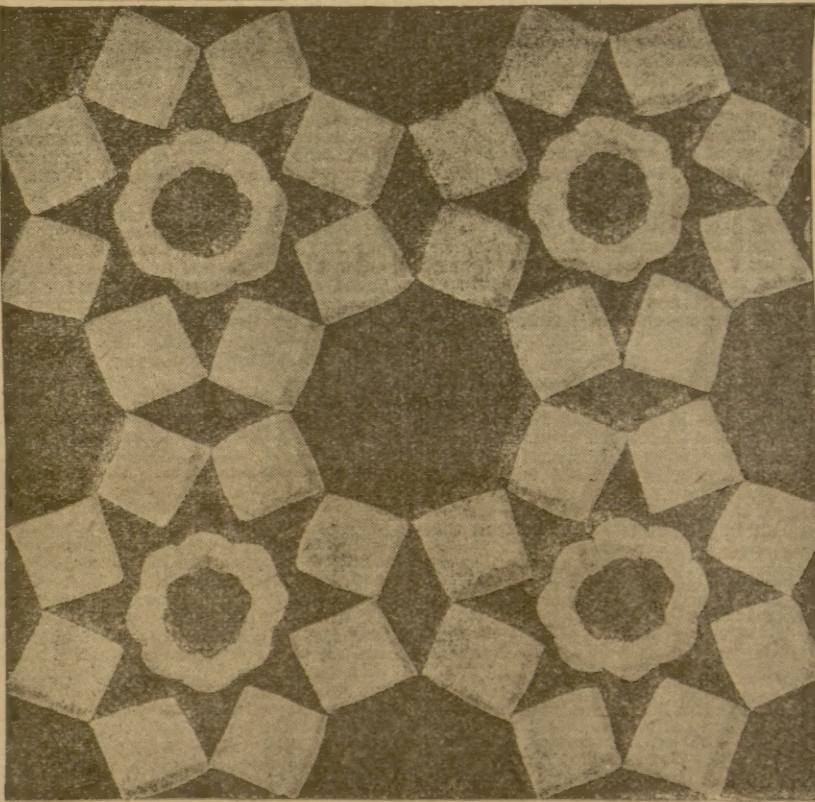
MISS LOU ANNA BARNHART, Concord, R. D., 3, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have just moved into this community of "Comfort Sisters" but don't intend to wait for them to call. I intend to push right in, and contrary to the advice given to children, I shall be "heard and not seen."

I have tried almost every suggestion found in this valuable paper, from putting vinegar in the lamps to make them burn brightly, to rubbing the top of my cook stove with molasses and water, and much as I have read there are still a few things I would like to know and some suggestions I would like to make.

Miss Clara Bliss. You gave directions for making Easter lilies. I want you to try crystallizing your paper flowers and report result. Get some paraffine (you can get quite a large piece at the drugstore for ten cents), after your flower is finished melt the paraffine, and while hot, dip the flower in it. It will look as though it is ruined, but it isn't. If any of the leaves are doubled up, take a toothpick and carefully straighten them, and set the flower in a tumbler until it gets cold and it will be perfectly hard and appears to be covered with ice. Easter



EIGHT-POINTED STAR.

The centers of each star are yellow surrounded by white circles, then points of red and white squares. Red is also used for the diamonds and hexagons which unite the stars.

MRS. JOSIE WHITE.

of the state extends far out in the ocean and approaches the Gulf Stream hence, it has, especially in the southern portion, a warm, semi-tropical climate. The heat of the summer is tempered by the sea-breeze, the winters are delightful. Immense crops of strawberries are raised near the coast and in the vicinity of Wilmington. The forests of long leaf pine are most important and furnish immense quantities of pine lumber, spars, and naval stores (raw turpentine, rosin, tar and pitch), in the production of which North Carolina, until the last few years, led the world.

The fisheries are of great value to the state, shad and herring being caught in large quantities. This industry creates a big demand for ice. On Roanoke Island one fishery has an ice factory which furnishes ten tons of ice a day and frequently the supply is insufficient. The fish are caught in immense nets and seines. Some of the seines are a mile and a half long. Half of a seine is placed on the stern of each of two steamboats. These boats go out from shore usually about a mile. They then steam in opposite directions. Thus the seine is dropped, or "shot" into the water. Ropes tied to the ends of the seine are fastened to two drums on the shore. Steampower turns the drums, the seine is pulled ashore and thus the "catch" of fish is landed.

The middle of the state is called the "Hill Country." It has every variety of surface. Hill, dale and beautiful rivers diversify the landscape, and charm those who might sometime tire of seacoast or mountain. The river valleys are remarkable for the beauty of their scenery. The "narrows of the Yadkin," between Montgomery and Stanley Counties is a defile about thirty feet wide, where the river has a fall of about fifty feet in a distance of two miles, forming one of the most valuable water-powers in the state. At this time a dam is being constructed across the river a few miles above the falls, which, when completed will furnish the entire state with enough electric power for lights, street-cars, and factories. Near the narrows is a place called "Lovers Leap." It is said that every unmarried couple that stands on this place will marry. So young man (if there is one who reads this), if you have a lady-love and you want her to become your wife you will now know where to take her.

The total amount of gold produced by the mines of N. C. from the year 1799 when the first nugget of gold was discovered in Cabarrus County, up to the close of 1886 is estimated at about \$20,000,000 worth. Granite and sandstone quarries abound in the central and western sections also. Our State House at Raleigh is built of granite taken from a quarry near Salisbury. There is Dun's Mountain, which is practically one pile of granite. I wish the readers of COMFORT could spend one day rambling over

lilies are pretty but my favorite paper flower is the "white flag." It is large and looks natural when crystallized. Cut your six petals from white crepe paper. Paste the wire on the fronts of three of them, and on the backs of three and arrange them alternately on the stem. Those with the wire on the backs bend back until the apex almost touches the stem. Bend the other three forward until they touch each other at the top. The yellow stamens have already been prepared on the end of the stem, as those who make paper flowers understand. I always wrap my stems with common green tissue paper. Now one more flower. I call it a poppy. Cut six petals from bright red crepe paper with the grain running from base to apex. Turn the leaf wrong side up and lay a smooth lead pencil on apex and roll the leaf on the pencil, then catch it at the base and slip it off, roll all six, then fasten them to your prepared stem, and crystallize and your friends will wonder "how you made it." This is all about flowers.

Now for two things I want to know: How to care for pork so it will keep well for one year, and a sure and speedy cure for a bad cold.

MRS. BERTHA HISEY, Duquoin, Ill.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I occupy this little corner just for a few minutes?

Mrs. M. Talmadge. I have a rug machine made as you described in May number, except that I do not drive my nails quite so closely together, nearly a half inch apart, and instead of threading one thread of warp in a place as you do, I thread three strands of warp in a cluster all the way through and I have a beating stick, that I use for two purposes: To beat the rugs close together after woven and to make it easy to pass rugs through every other time; it is made of a thin piece of board, about two inches wide and little longer than width of rug. I pass it through between the warp threads over three and under three, so on across the warp, push it from you, and turn it up on edge. I have my rugs sewed as though I intended taking them to the carpet weaver. I have a small smooth stick about one foot long pointed on end, which answers for my shuttle to wind my rugs on. I wind on a few yards at a time, not to have it too large to pass through between warp threads, now when the beater is up, you can pass the rugs through easily, as beater is just where you would put the rugs, over three, and under three, now lay beater down flat and weave your rugs through over the threads you just wove under, and under the threads you wove over, now turn beater on edge again, and see, you can just throw your shuttle of rugs through whenever you weave across two or three times, bring your beater down good and solid, edgeways, against your weaving to press it close together. This makes what is called German

carpeting, and it hides all the warp, makes good heavy rugs, always better than when woven like common carpet. I made my rug machine two years ago, and I think it is a good, cheap way to make rugs. After you have woven six or eight inches in length you will notice it begins to draw in from the sides and get narrower; to avoid this I thread some warp in my darning needle and pass through edge of new rug and around side of frame, pull tight and tie it, some on both sides, you will need to repeat this about every six inches or less to keep rug even width.

We live on a homestead on what is called a desert, in southern Oregon, near the rushing, roaring Rogue river, and just on the opposite side of the river is old Table Rock mountain, where about forty-five years ago, the whites had a battle with the Indians, and one old Indian chief took his squaw in his arms and leaped over the two hundred foot wall of rock, rather than to surrender.

I love the dear old mountains, and we are surrounded by them; it reminds me of a mammoth dish with the mountains for the edge, they are all several miles from us except old Table Rock, it seems most like we might reach out and touch it.

As Mrs. Laura Wester has told us of some excellent ways to make a little pin money I will add my mite by telling how my daughter and I made a few dollars during the rainy days in winter. We were in town for the winter so the children could go to school, and we made over thirty dollar circular shawls, just before Christmas; we had to sit up late into the nights to fill our orders in time. We also made splashers by painting designs of birds or flowers on white oilcloth. They look neat, take well, are durable, and can be easily cleaned with a damp cloth. I found some pretty agates on the desert that I sent to a jeweler in New York and received a good price for them.

Will some sister that lives where palmetto grows, please send me enough palmetto to braid me a sun hat? I will return favor anyway I can.

I have started a silk and worsted crazy quilt. Have any of the sisters more pieces than they know what to do with? If so, they would be greatly appreciated. Some other time I want to tell you how a smart old lady earned her clothes. I wish all many happy days, with COMFORT to read always.

MRS. NETTIE HAYES, Central Point, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for three years and have never written but one letter and as it failed to appear I thought I would try again. I live in Butler County, the "backwest" county of the state, in a little village called Petersville. The town was so called after Peter McKinney who once owned all the land on which the town is situated. The nearest railroad is at Rehold, two miles away, but we are now getting a trolley line right through the town.

We have three general stores, and one drug store and three churches. My husband is clerk in one of the general stores. We have been married three years. We had a little daughter, but she was called to a better home. We have no other children and I get very lonesome.

I am five feet eight inches tall, have gray eyes and brown hair and weigh one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. I have traveled a good deal though I am only twenty-one years old. I have been in five states, Pa., Col., Conn., N. Y., and Ill.

I am now going to tell you of my mother's trip to Alaska, in 1898. My father died when I was quite small so mother has been more or less of a wanderer ever since. She was a dressmaker by trade but her health gave out and the doctors said she should take a sea voyage; and she went to Alaska. When she got there she did a little sewing and sometimes cooked for miners and washed and mended their clothes, and finally she established a "road house" as they are called in Alaska, in this country it would be called a boarding house. She had a canvas tent and two cabins built of logs. On top of the logs they piled moss, which kept the water out. In the canvas tent she had a grocery store and through the middle of it ran a long table made of boards, off of which they ate. Directly behind the grocery were the two cabins, one behind the other. The first was called the "messhouse" or place where she cooked and slept. The other was called the "bunkhouse" or where the men slept. The "bunks" were built in the form of shelves on the wall, one above another. She sold bread, served lunches, twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee and a sandwich, kept boarders and mended clothes. In that country gold is the only money they use and this is weighed on gold-scales when buying anything. The country is beautiful. The trees not growing any higher than a man. In summer wild cranberries, also blueberries grow. The summers are like our springs, last three months. The winters are intensely cold, but the cold is dry and there is no wind so it is not noticed as much as our Pennsylvania winters. The ice breaks up in June and it is an old saying among the miners that a newcomer is a "Chechocka" (Indian for white man) until he has seen the ice go out after which they are called "Sour Dough." Mother has often taken her blanket, three days provisions, and her revolver and gone off on a tramp of two or three days on the mountains. She traveled over ground where no white man ever set foot before. The Indians seeing her would often stop her and say, "White Squaw go back," but she was not afraid. At night the wolves would howl but they never harmed her. She stayed three and one half years and then came back, no richer but with splendid health.

MRS. WM. F. BURR, Conocoquessing, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I hail from the dear old Wolverine State, and as I have never sent a letter from this little village, I thought I would like to come in for a few moments' chat with you.

How many of you ever made scrapbooks? I presume a good many of you have some time, and I wish to tell you about mine.

I procure large, well-bound books (generally they are state statistics of old date), which may be had for the asking. I take the shears and cut out every other leaf. I then take a pen and ink and page the remainder and on the last two or three blank leaves, which I have left on purpose, I arrange my index in alphabetical order.

My first volume is for household hints. In it I paste all useful information whether it concerns the family, the kitchen, nursery, sewing-room, or any part of the house.

My second and third are for history and biography. In them are to be found all clippings of prose and poetry (my own papers and magazines are mere skeletons), relating the history of our country during the different epochs, pictures of buildings at the various expositions, portraits of great men and women with cuts of birthplace and burial spot when obtainable also their biographies.

My fourth and last is for the beautiful, and contains all of the best wood cuts of scenery that I could find, also colored plates of fruit and flowers.

Having poor health I spend many hours in reading and I have gained much historical and other valuable knowledge, besides a great deal of pleasure from these books.

"In the ragged old books all tattered and torn, Are badly soiled leaves by constant use worn; The backs have a crack, And of gilt there's a lack."

The corners are bent and the binding forlorn, But never were books made by book maker's art Could be so precious by half to my heart.

No gold you could hold, No jewels untold, Could bribe me from my scrapbooks to part.*

I am a great lover of music, all kinds of fancy work, and flowers. How many know that you can remove grass stains by washing the spots in alcohol and then in cold water?

Plant the seed of the house plant, Sultana, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

SEPTEMBER is here, and I wish you all many happy returns of my birthday. This historic event happened on the 5th of September, some centuries back. I'm not quite sure what year, but I think it was in the year 0 before one was invented. I did know how old I was once, but my birth certificate got burned up in a fire that devastated my chicken-coop a few years ago, and I never knew after that what my age was. Toby says I am older than Methuselah's buck goat, and perhaps he is right. I remember when Christopher Columbus landed in Columbus, Ohio, and he remarked then that he thought it was nearly time I applied for an old age pension, but I changed my mind, and ever since I have been growing younger. Growing old is foolishness. Cut it out! I am a year younger this year than I was last year at this time. If I keep on at this rate, I shall soon be in long clothes, and chewing a rubber ring, and sucking a milk bottle. I have got back to the infantile period anyway, as far as being hairless and toothless is concerned, and I can say "goo goo" like the real thing. All I want now is a waist band, and a bunch of safety pins sticking in my hide, and a good dose of colic, and I would be right back in the bee-yutiful baby days of yore.

Now I want you to understand right here that I don't want this auspicious event, my birthday anniversary, to go by without getting six million letters—that is one from each reader of COMFORT. I want each letter to contain seven one year "subs" to COMFORT, and in return for that service I will send you one of my books of poems. You get a fifty-cent book and eighty-four numbers of COMFORT for one dollar and five cents. The Lord knows that ought to satisfy you if nothing else does. If an offer like this does not make you get action, not even an earthquake would get you moving. Remember also that not only are you paying a compliment to me, but you are spreading COMFORT far and wide, and COMFORT is what the world needs. COMFORT ought to go into ten millions of homes, and it would if you boys and girls would get a wiggle on. This paper is a power for good, and this League helps more helpless people than all the societies and organizations in the U. S. put together. Ask the shut-ins if anyone helps them as we do. Other people and other organizations hand out sympathy and tell the sick how to die comfortably and go to Heaven, and they give them a beautiful obituary notice when they are dead. Shut-ins don't want to die, life is as sweet to them as anyone, and my object is to put some life, and hope and good grub into their frail bodies and keep them alive. They will go to Heaven when their time comes and they don't want to be packed off to another world on the double-quick, by people who want to send them there with a diet of talk and tracts. Christ fed the multitude as well as preached to them. He gave bodily food as well as spiritual. Christ did not give the sick tracts and sympathy, and suggest that they hurry up and die and go to Heaven. Christ healed them, and gave them health and strength, so they could enjoy life and live out their natural term of years on this earth, and He taught them how they should live on earth so that in time they could reach Heaven. So I want you to do as Christ did, and when you send an invalid a tract send him ten cents to get bodily food as well.

So hustle now, and get those seven subs, and get my book. Add seven members to our family, and extend our sphere of work. If you will do as I ask, my birthday anniversary will be indeed a memorable one. It is no good having two or three hundred million relatives, if you don't make some use of them. Toby and Billy are making me a cottage pudding. Billy has just swiped a cottage from the next lot, and Toby is mixing the pudding in a swill barrel in the yard. If you don't get your subs by the 5th, make it the 25th, as I am going to celebrate every day all through the month. Now for the letters.

Here is a bright jolly letter from a New York cousin, Lestershire, N. Y.

Box 103, LESTERSHIRE, N. Y., June 21, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: May I butt in and join your happy band? I am eighteen years of age, have dark hair and eyes, am five feet six inches high and weigh one hundred and ten pounds.

I have just returned from visiting my sister, who lives on a farm in Western N. Y. They do farming on a large scale. You ought to go out there, Uncle, and hear the music. The lizzard's shrill "soprano" and the frogs proud "baritone," blended with the pigs grand "meteo" voice, while twenty cows keep tune with their clarionets, I mean horned instruments, and all sweetly accompanied by an infant's vocal chords. How many times I have been harmoniously lulled awake by the "farming concert."

But all is not fun in the country, there is plenty of work to do. The farmers out there take their milk to a cheese factory. I will tell you how cheese is made. About nine o'clock in the morning all the milk is put in one or more large vats. A quantity of rennet is put in, proportionate to the milk, steam heat turned on, to bring it just to the boiling point, for two hours. Then the whey is run off, the curd washed and spread on long porous tables. It is then picked to pieces and salted, then cut fine in a machine which takes out all the remaining whey. It is put in tins the same size of cheese boxes and pressed into shape. The next day it is taken out and put on tables in the storeroom. In about a week it is stamped and boxed ready to sell.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins. Lovingly yours, ELLYN MAE WYNNE.

Ellen, I am much interested in your account of farm life and cheese making. I am very fond of cheese, if someone will first take the cheese into the backyard, chloroform it, kill it, and drive the smell out of it with an axe. After the cheese has been subjected to this civilizing and deodorizing process it is a harm-

less and nourishing article of diet. But I have a grudge against cheese and I will tell you why. I once had a very bad cold on my chest, and was threatened with inflammation of the stove pipe and appendicitis of the underdervest. My boarding-house lady was Dutch, and she had two religions, one was sauerkraut the other was Limburger cheese. When she was not worshipping at the shrine of cheese, she was prostrating herself before the altar of sauerkraut. When I got down sick, Mrs. Dutch came up to my room, and told me only one thing could save my life and that was a Limburger cheese poultice, and she clapped one on my chest before I could scream "Police" one time's once. Well, I stood that poultice for one hour—for I honestly believed the old lady was giving me the straight goods and it alone would save my life. If you had seen me lying there, with that essence of violets under my sneller, holding my nose with one hand, and gasping for breath with the other, you'd have screamed. Finally I tried to tear the awful thing off, but couldn't as I found the old lady had nailed it on and screwed it down. Then I got another boarder to phone for the doctor. After an agonizing suspense of twenty minutes the physician appeared in the doorway with the landlady. Directly "Doc" got his nose inside the door, he began to sniff and then to cough. Then he turned to the landlady and said: "Madam, how long has he been dead?" "He no vos dead yet," replied the landlady, "he vos yoost sick, mit some gripes on der chest!" "Madam," replied the doctor, "that man, if I can trust my olfactory organs, must have been dead at least ten years. You don't need a doctor, what you need is a funeral, here's a burial certificate, get him under ground at once, or you will start an epidemic!" Then I jumped out of bed and tore the poultice from my chest and said, "Doc, I'm not dead, I've just got an attack of cheeseitis on the chest," and I waved the poultice in his face, and he screamed "Murder!" and fell in a faint. Then I went into the back yard, burned the poultice and got out of town as fast as the train could carry me. Now whenever I see cheese I say, "Cheese it" and run. Once bitten, twice shy.

Here is a letter that I want you to read carefully and ponder over. Preserve it, never lose it, and when you are tempted to do wrong read it, as it comes hot from a repentant heart and a chastened soul. It is the greatest and most powerful sermon ever given to the world, and many an eye will fill with tears as it is read. The letter bears the postmark of Auburn, N. Y., as the writer is doubtless an inmate of the great prison there.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am taking the liberty of writing you, that you may publish this as soon as you can with the view that it may be of some benefit to the members of your League.

Three years ago I secured a position in the store of Mr. A., with a salary of three dollars a week. Shortly afterwards I was offered a position with Mr. B., at five dollars a week. This I accepted also. During my period of work with Mr. A. and Mr. B. I began to think I knew it all, even better than my dear, dear mother who is getting old and gray. Mother has been a widow for nearly six years and was looking to me too support her and my two younger kin when she got old.

Then I tried a Civil Service examination for a government position. This I passed and was appointed as a substitute a few months later. In this position I was drawing a salary of \$700.00 a year. About \$14 per week, and only working eight hours a day, being forbidden to work longer. Then I considered myself "it," and got acquainted with a few students from the female seminary which was in our city. They came from "big bug" families and consequently they liked expensive amusements. So little Jimmy had to dig down and produce the dough. Much to my sorrow I did this, and made my mother go without. One day mother asked me for five dollars to pay a coal bill with, but I said, "I was broke." I went out that night to a full dress affair and the next morning on an automobile run. Together they cost me about twenty-five dollars. A week after, I went on another auto run and next day bought a suit of clothes for thirty dollars. Then I was in debt about four dollars, as I spent sixty-two dollars and only got fifty-eight dollars per month. So next month I spent about forty-five dollars and gave mother ten dollars to pay the bills of last month and keep the family this month. Think of it, ten dollars for two months! I explored me to give her more money, but I was always "broke" when mother asked me for money. Dear mother said, "Look at these shoes, I have on, they are my best." In the soles of them were holes as big as a silver dollar. My sister and brothers were the same but yet I was unmoved. That night I did not get home until the small hours of the morning and I found mother waiting on the front steps for her darling son to come home, and I laughed at her for doing it.

Well, not long afterwards, I had a date with a young lady and I was without funds. I tried to borrow but everyone seemed broke. But I got the money, I won't go into details of how, but now I am in state's prison as the outcome of my pleasure and the disregard of my dear mother. Readers, there are many, many men and women in this world of whom you can have your choice for a life companion; but you can only have one mother. After she is dead and gone money could not bring her back, nor could it get you another. So honor and respect her, for she knoweth best that which you should do. Boys and girls, let it move you as you read this to look upon your past. Have you treated your beloved mother as you ought? Have you caused her any uncalled-for anxious moments that you could have avoided? Remember readers, you can only have one mother; honor and respect her and choose her first to be your companion in all your pleasures before any other person, male or female.

If you mistreat your mother, God will bring you sooner or later to repentance for doing so just as He brought me. But, I thank God that I will have my mother on this evil earth when I get out of here. I will strive with God's help to make the end of her days beautiful and happy. Then everything else can come next. I feel that I owe my life to her in more ways

than one. Even if I am in prison and a convict (Oh! how the name makes the shivers run up my spine) I do not consider myself a criminal at heart. I thank God for showing me my great mistake, as without it I would have been no doubt led to a greater evil. It is not the name God looks on when He judges us nor on the appearance, but on the heart. I can be called a convict, criminal or any other such name but that alters me in God's sight not at all. So, dear readers, respect your dear mothers and treat them as you would want to be treated in your old age. Trusting that I may soon see this in print for it no doubt, will be a help to a great many, I remain, "ONE WHO INTENDS TO DO RIGHT."

There, let that lesson sink into your hearts. You see what happens when a boy turns a deaf ear to his mother's advice, and starts out to be a "sport" and go with a fast set of young people with whom he is unable to keep the pace. This is an age of extravagance, an age of fake and sham. A young man who earns \$10 a week is expected to dress as well, and keep up the same appearance as those who earn treble the amount. A young man has not the moral courage to tell his companions that his wages are small and that he cannot keep up with them unless he becomes a thief. The ones who are to blame for this young man's ruin are the young women of his home town. A girl knows that automobile rides, dances, suppers, flowers, theater parties, cost a whole pile of money. One such spree as you see, cost the writer of this letter twenty-five dollars, and it ruined him and landed him in jail. The girl got the fun, and it did not cost her a cent in money, nor send her to jail, though I think, and I know hundreds will agree with me, that those girls who let a man lavish money on them, knowing full well that the man's income does not warrant the outlay, are morally as guilty as he, and ought to go to jail with him. Half the young men who go wrong, owe their ruin to their girl friends, who permit them to lavish their money on giving them what they call "good" times, and the majority of these so-called good times are really the worst kind of bad and wicked times. I wonder how the young woman who accompanied this young man on his last twenty-five dollar spree felt after she knew his efforts to give her a few hours' fun, had landed him in state's prison. I would also like to know what the fathers and mothers of these young seminary girls would think, if they knew their daughters were chasing around at all hours with boys of the town in autos. There is a custom obtaining in a certain country in Europe, which we might adopt here. A girl over there will not let a man spend money on her, as it is considered bad form, unladylike, and in a sense places her under an obligation to the spender. I know girls who openly boast that such and such a man of their acquaintance spent a whole month's salary on giving them a good time. I have known other girls (God bless them) who have positively declined to go to theaters, supper and dances with young men, because they knew they were not in a financial position to spend a lot of money upon them for a few hours' pleasure. The majority of young men can hardly keep themselves, and if they start cutting a wide gash with the girls, they have either to borrow, get credit and go into debt, or steal.

Most of the boys who are ready to go to jail to give a girl a good time, if they were married to the same girl would not give her ten cents to buy a ribbon, or a bill to buy shoes, unless forced to. The young man who won't fool away his money on giving girls a good time is called stingy, but he is the one who is saving his money and who can and will give a girl a good home, though he sensibly declines to give her champagne suppers, or moonlight rides in automobiles. Girls, think this matter over. Your influence over boys for good is enormous, and you have also only got to give him the least encouragement, and he will rob a bank to make himself solid with you. What the son of a millionaire does, the ten dollar a week clerk will do if he can. It is only natural, for none of us like to be outshone in the eyes of the girls we admire. I agree with all the writer of this letter says, but I also think it is a great mistake to send anyone to prison for a first offence of this kind. We should have a "first offence act." Let the offender be severely admonished by the judge, and warned that if he is arrested again, he will receive a double sentence, and will have to expiate both crimes by a long term in prison. If a man breaks the law twice we know he is bad stuff, and a criminal at heart, and the sooner he is behind the bars the better. But don't imprison a man and ruin his life, because, as in the case of the writer of this letter, he took a few dollars to give a feather-brained idiot of a girl—the worst possible kind of a so-called "good time."

A brave soldier laddie will now entertain us.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA, May 9, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have received your membership cards and button. How pleased I am with them. I also am glad that the pledge is so nice. I try to comfort my parents, and I dearly love any kind of an animal, also my country and its flag. I am in the United States Marine Corps, doing duty in the navy-yard and coaling station at this place.

I will try to describe the place now, there are about two thousand acres in the reservation. There is a coaling station here, a large dry-dock, and a target-range for rifle and pistol and artillery practice, just for U. S. navy men, marines and sailors, also officers. There are thirty-eight marines here. We have nice barracks, with every accommodation which soldiers generally have. There are two station ships, a monitor named the U. S. S. Amphitrite, and an old wooden sailing training ship the U. S. S. Monongahela. Well, dear Uncle, I cannot write much this time, but will try and do better next time. Tell the cousins that I will answer all letters, and tell them everything I can about Cuba, and the situation here, also about Marine corp or navy life. I will exchange postal cards with anyone who wishes to do so. I will now bring my letter to a close. Hoping to hear from some of the cousins soon, also see some part of my letter in print sometime. Your cousin,

CLIFTON CURELY (No. 19,054), U. S. Marine Guard, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, care Postmaster New York.

Bravo, Clifton, I am always glad to hear from you boys in blue, as I know you feel lonesome on a foreign shore, far from the old folks at home and the boy and girl friends of your youth. Clifton, you say in your letter that you will tell us all about the "situation here." Now Clifton, don't tell everyone about it, but just tell me. I am looking for a situation that would fit me down to the ground. About six dollars a month with board, I don't ask for laundry because my celluloid sock only needs leaving in a rain storm over night, and it is as good as new. I believe that every

man should try and better himself if he gets the chance, and a job with "G" per and grub, would hit me fine just now. I can get fine references. Here is one from the governor of this state: "I have known Uncle Charlie for the last three centuries, and I can honestly say I never knew him to be anything else but a public nuisance. If anyone will give him fifty years in a steel cage in the penitentiary, I shall be supremely grateful. P. S. If it is possible to electrocute him, please do so." There, Clifton, I think that ought to get me a situation anywhere. I saw a headline in a New York paper a few years ago: "THE EUROPEAN SITUATION," and I went all the way to Europe to look for it, only to find there was no situation at all. I had to walk back, and it was wet walking all right, all right. Some of the waves needed paving and macadamizing as they were extremely rough and needed a lot of grading. Later on I saw in the papers in big letters: "THE EUROPEAN CONCERT," and off I went to Europe to see if I could not get a job to sing at the concert. I offered to sing for a whole week for a dollar and ten cents but it was no use, for I found out there was no concert at all. Three old fool kings over there were holding a powwow, and that was what the ginks called a concert. Clif, I'm just disgusted the way people put fool things in the paper, and mislead the innocent goons like myself. Now, Clif, honest, I want that situation, and if you can't hold it for me, call i n the marine guard and the warships and get them to hold it, as I am tired of being frozen up here in Maine, and more tired still of telling the Butinskies it takes twenty cents to get into this League, and that five cents won't even gain a peep under the canvass.

A Kentucky cousin has a little piece to speak.

TRIMBLE, KY., June 15, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE: I received my membership card and button all O. K., and I think they are real nice. I am a stave dresser by trade, and am sixteen years of age, five feet six inches high, weight one hundred and fifty pounds. Have dark hair, and Uncle, I hardly know how to describe my eyes, as one is brown and one blue.

Uncle, I wish you would come down and help me dress staves. I live in Kentucky, and this state is noted for its fine horses and pretty girls. I will close, I hope I will see this in print, so good by Uncle, and all of the cousins.

JAS. BLAND (No. 17,395).

Jim, I would like nothing better than to come down and help you dress staves, but the fact of the matter is I would be of very little use in a business of this kind. I never dressed a stave in my life, and I am perfectly, utterly, entirely and completely ignorant of the details of a stave's toilet. To be candid and frank with you, Jimmy, I don't even know what sex a stave belongs to, whether it is feminine, masculine, or neuterine. I would not know whether to put pants on a stave, or a skirt, corset and hip pads. The odds are I might dress a stave in pants and a plug hat, only to find you hopping mad because I had not togged it out in a chemise, petticoat and straw bonnet. I never was much of a dresser anyway. A friend sent me one of those new combination suits of underwear once, and I thought it was a neck muffer, and wore it to a prayer meeting, and it raised a riot and I got read out of the church. In fact I was more than read out, I was thrown out. My ideas of clothing always were primitive.

When I was visiting Europe I was ordered to attend a court function and be presented to the King of England. I went dressed in a pair of overalls, a flannel shirt, and a smile of condescension. When I got to the door, the court flunkies told me to come back in regulation court dress. I asked a friend of mine who had been presented at court a good many times, what kind of a dress was needed, and he said it was a coat of paint and pants to match. So I painted myself from the head up and feet down with a nice coat of paint—red, white and blue, and then I started out to get presented at court, and you bet I got presented this time, and I made such a hit that they insisted on my remaining at court one month. I forgot to mention that it was a police court. No, Jim, I won't attempt to dress staves for you. A man who can't dress himself has no right to be fooling around trying to dress even a barrel stave.

Here is a letter that will touch a sympathetic chord in many hearts.

BEDFORD CITY, R. F. D., 4, VA., May 23, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want a little advice and not knowing who to apply to I come to you. It is this, I have a son in his fifteenth year, who is very bright. Our country school here is—I might say, worse than nothing. I have no means now, and no prospect of giving him even a High School education. Is there a training school anywhere to which I could send him by letting him work his way? I could hire him out and in that way let him clothe himself with a very small margin to help me, but it makes my heart ache to see him growing up in ignorance if there is anyway to help it. He would make a fine nurse, but has not the education requisite, and is also too young to be taken into any training school for nurses that I know of. I was badly crippled last summer, and he could move me with much less pain to me than anyone else, just seemed natural to him to know how to move my crippled limb. My health has been so shattered since my accident that I am not able to do much except some light work; can't think or plan as I once could, so any advice or suggestions you see fit to give me will be very gratefully appreciated. I can do some needlework, but there is no sale here for anything in that line. Is there a Woman's Exchange in Washington or the large cities who would buy shirt-waists and children's wear, paying living prices for the same? I know you are a very busy man and have not time to answer silly questions but I trust you can find time for a wee short letter to me. I have always lived in the country and like it, but now with my broken health, three mouths to fill beside my own, the question of bread and butter is getting to be quite a serious one. Thanking you in advance for anything you may advise I am, one of your readers, (Mrs.) JENNIE E. WHITE.

I have a world of sympathy for you, Mrs. White. It is a tough proposition for a man in health to keep the home going, and provide for his family, and educate the little ones properly; but it is simply wild, wicked and awful, when a woman is robbed by death of her husband and is left to struggle with these problems of food, clothes, rent and education, which almost baffle the strongest man to solve. To add to the trouble, you are sick, and though you are young in a sense, forty-five, yet after forty, we all commence to go downhill, and lose our staying powers and vigor. As far as sewing is concerned, if you were in the city you would get sweat shop work to do, that would bring you in from ninety cents to a dollar a day if you worked fourteen hours

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

ONLY A GIRL or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "I pink dey's kep' me good more dan anyting else." Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay well for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and a knock on the door. Shirley is dressed in a shabby dress. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanley is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair blows dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

CHAPTER V.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

AFTER his interview with Richard Harold, Shirley Everton had a long interview with himself.

Though it was after midnight when Harold left him, Everton was in no mood for sleep. His valet, seeing that he was disturbed in mind, urged him to go to the ball, but the event of the season had no charms for him now, and he harshly ordered the man to bed, accompanying the command with an oath so forcible that Tompkins fairly gasped for breath, scarcely able to believe that the expression could have proceeded from the lips of his usually mild and Anglo-manical master.

Yes, Shirley Everton was seriously disturbed in mind, and no wonder.

The whispers regarding his father's past life referred to in a former chapter had reached his ears, but had not disturbed him to any serious extent.

But the sudden revelation of the startling fact that Shirley Everton, the leading member of St. Paul's Church, the philanthropist, the trustee in a dozen or more religious and benevolent societies, was at heart a scoundrel, came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky.

The evidence was indisputable, however; the documents presented by Harold proved the truth of every word he said.

The marriage certificate bore the names of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton; the clergyman who had performed the ceremony was alive, as were the witnesses.

The certificate of birth bore every mark of genuineness, and Everton knew that the letters presented by Harold were really in his father's handwriting.

Love letters they were, everyone breathing devotion.

Alas! how soon those vows of fidelity had been forgotten.

The documentary evidence produced by Harold was confirmed by a thousand and one incidents, each one trifling in itself, that Shirley Everton recalled as he reflected upon the strange story to which he had just listened.

There could be no doubt of it; his father, the wealthy, the respected Shirley Everton, upon whose tombstone were inscribed his many supposed virtues, was a hypocrite, a white sepulcher.

"What could have induced him to commit such an act of folly, of madness?" groaned young Everton, as he paced the floor of his room, much to the wonder and discomfort of his valet, who was trying to get to sleep in the adjoining apartment.

Shirley Everton had something to think of now beside the latest London styles.

What could have induced old Shirley Everton to commit such an act of folly?

It was the old, old—yet ever new—story.

When he was a young man, accident had thrown him and Anna Hilton together.

Her station in life was of the humblest; she could neither read nor write.

But she had a face and form over which a poet or a sculptor would have gone mad.

It is no wonder that Shirley Everton, young, romantic, susceptible—very different from the hard-headed Shirley Everton of later years—fell deeply in love with her.

His social position, though not very high, was much better than her own, and it was a sacrifice to marry her.

His expectations—afterward realized—were great, and Anna Hilton was not the woman to share the honors he expected to gain.

After a long conflict with himself, he married her.

He did not keep her in ignorance of his name; he flattered himself that he conducted everything in the most straightforward way possible, but he made her take a most solemn oath that she would keep his identity a secret, and that she would allow herself to be known as Mrs. Mason until he gave her permission to reveal the truth.

To the untutored girl this oath had a terrible significance, and she kept it until the end.

Within two years an opportunity for what the French call "a marriage of convenience," presented itself to Shirley Everton.

He was young, handsome, talented; a brilliant future seemed to stretch out before

him, and a wealthy family sought, almost begged, alliance with his.

It was a terrible temptation. A marriage with Alida Fenton, the daughter of the millionaire banker, meant wealth and fame for him.

His first marriage was still a secret—might ever remain so.

Some men would have spurned the thought of an act which must ever lower them in their own estimation, even if the world remained ignorant of their villainy.

But Shirley Everton was not such a man. He was married to Alida Fenton at Grace Church, amidst pomp and splendor, while his legitimate wife was living in comparative poverty in a lowly down-town tenement.

Thereafter he led a double life.

He had two wives, two homes.

Neither woman was aware of the existence of the other.

Perhaps Mrs. Everton No. 1 would have learned of the birth of Shirley Everton, Jr., through the daily papers; but she could not read, and as all her friends knew her as Mrs. Mason, it never occurred to anyone that she could have any possible interest in that momentous event.

Soon after the birth of Madge, Everton deserted his first wife altogether.

He caused reports of his death to reach her ears, and she mourned him sincerely.

It was a bold step, but it succeeded.

Husband and wife lived in the same city; every day the banker, on his way down-town, passed within a stone's throw of his first wife's wretched dwelling; sometimes he bought a paper of his daughter—of whose identity, however, he was not aware.

Thus he lived for years, and when he died his secret remained unsuspected.

Does this seem incredible, reader?

It is no fancy sketch, it is the plain, unvarnished truth.

Almost every morning we see some startling item in the paper of which we say: "If I had read that in a story I should have considered it impossible."

Truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

With all the chances against the success of his vile plot, Shirley Everton managed to deceive the world, and to live and die a respected, honored citizen.

But "murder will out," and now the hideous skeleton had stalked out of the closet and stood confronting young Shirley Everton.

It seemed to grimly ask him:

"What are you going to do about it?"

He was in the power of Richard Harold.

The marriage certificate, the certificate of birth, the letters which the unhappy woman to whom they were addressed had been unable to read, were all evidence against him.

At a word from Harold his wealth, his position, even his name could be taken from him.

The thought was maddening.

He knew enough of the world to place very little reliance in the promises of Richard Harold.

After meditating upon the situation until the gray light of dawn began to peep into the room, he retired to rest, and slept uneasily until nearly noon.

Then, refusing the offices of Tompkins, much to that worthy flunky's dismay, he made a hasty toilet and sallied out with a new purpose in view—to find his half-sister, Madge Mason.

Harold had told him that she was a new girl, and had informed him where he would be likely to find her.

He went, therefore, to the corner of Park Row and Frankfort Street, and catechized the numerous youngsters who were engaged in playing their vocation there.

They all knew Madge, but none of them was able to tell him where to find her.

"She ain't been here terday," said Annie Kelly, "an' I don't tink she'll show up ag'in yet, fer she knows I'm a-layin' fer her."

Twice afterward Everton went in search of the girl, and he had come to the conclusion that Harold had spirited her away, when he learned from one of the boys, a friend of Dave Lane's, that she had found employment in Stanley's book-bindery.

To that establishment he proceeded at once, and read it just as the girls came trooping out for dinner.

"Just my luck!" he muttered. "Now, which one of these creatures is she, I wonder? Perhaps she isn't among them. I'll go in and make some inquiries."

He went in, and the result of his inquiries we have seen.

Dave Lane, believing him to be a "masher," pointed out Alice Straight as Madge Mason.

When Alice's hair became entangled in the belt the thought occurred to Everton that Fate had interfered in his favor, and that the girl who stood between him and fortune was about to be removed without any interference on his part.

So when Madge attempted to rush forward and rescue Alice he seized her in his arms so tightly that she was powerless to free herself.

CHAPTER VI.

"THERE IS A MYSTERY HERE."

"Let me go!" fairly shrieked Madge again, as she struggled vainly to free herself from Everton's grasp.

"Not yet, my beauty," cried Everton in a hoarse whisper, "not yet."

See first page illustrations.

But the next instant he received a blow on the head that caused him to release his hold on the girl and reel backward with a cry of rage and pain.

The blow was dealt by the hard fist of Dave Lane.

It had occurred to the boy after he got downstairs that Alice might possibly be annoyed by the supposed "masher," and he had run up again, reaching the head of the stairs just in time to see Madge struggling in Everton's grasp.

While a myriad of stars were still dancing before the millionaire's eyes, Dave, who had not observed Alice's peril, cried:

"Got here just in time, didn't I, Madge? No show for mashers while I'm around, yer bet. But—"

He paused in open-mouthed astonishment, for Madge had rushed into the workroom with the lightness and speed of a frightened fawn.

Glancing in, he saw the frightful position in which Alice was placed.

He instantly followed Madge.

But the girl had not lost a moment.

Seizing the shears, she ran up to Alice, and with one quick movement severed her long, flowing tresses close to the head.

In another instant she would have been too late.

"Madge," gasped the terrified girl, "you have saved—"

The words died away in an inarticulate murmur, and she sank fainting to the floor.

"Go fer water, Dave—quick!" cried Madge. "Git a move on yer now."

"By Jingo!" exclaimed Dave, lingering a moment, "it's too blamed bad about dat purty hair o' hern! Why, she ain't got no more left 'n I have."

"Well, ain't it a lot better dan ef she'd lost her life?" cried Madge. "Hurry up, now! W'at's der matter wid yer?"

While Dave rushed off to get the water, Everton, outside the door, gazed admiringly at Madge.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "how did that divinity drop down in this vile locality. She's a study—a goddess incarnate with a Bowery dialect. And, by Jove, how strangely she looks like father around the eyes. If she had been pointed out to me as Madge Mason I'd have believed it—she's much more like the family than the real one."

Shirley Everton was quick-witted. He had already made up his mind what to do.

He would not attempt to leave the place while attention was attracted from him; he would remain and "face the music."

So he stepped into the room, assumed a smile, and addressing Madge, said:

"Do not be alarmed. Miss Mason has only fainted."

Madge looked up with flashing eyes.

"How dare yer speak ter me, yer cowardly dude? Ef yer'd had yer way dis young lady'd ha' been dead or disfigured fer life by dis time. An' who are yer callin' Miss Mason?"

"Why?" gasped Everton, "isn't that the young lady's name?"

"No, it ain't; it's my name—Madge Mason, an' I ain't got no reason ter be ashamed of it."

"But he—that young man who just went out—told me that her name—"

"Was Madge Mason?"

"Yes."

"Well, den, he sized yer up fer a masher, an put up a job on yer. See?"

"Dat's der size of it," added Dave, coming in with a pitcher of water at that moment. "But I sized him up wrong, fer he's worse nor a masher. Ef he'd had his way Alice'd be dead now. Der's some deep-laid plot in all dis."

"You are mistaken, my good fellow, you are, by Jove!" protested Everton, assuming a conciliatory air.

"Am I?" sneered Dave. "Was I born dis mornin'? Sa-ay! what d'yer take me for?"

"So he t'ought she was me," said Madge, who had been bathing Alice's pallid face with the contents of the pitcher. "What grudge has he got ag'inst me? I never seen him before in me life."

"My dear, Miss Mason," began Everton, with an oily smile, "you were never never mi aken. Do you know why I seized you and tried to prevent you from going to this young lady?"

"Yes—yer wanted her to git killed."

"How absurd!" exclaimed the millionaire, with a shocked look. "I believed that you would imperil your life, and I detained you to prevent you from sharing the young lady's fate. I was wrong, as it has turned out, but motives were certainly good."

"I don't take no stock in dat yarn," said Madge decidedly.

"Me neither," added Dave with a lowering glance at Everton. "Say, Madge, shall I chuck him downstairs?"

"No, let up on him," directed Madge. "Dat lump on der side of his head is enough for one dose."

The "lump on der side of his head," which had been inflicted by Dave, was paining Everton not a little, and if he could have followed the bent of his own inclinations he would have punished the young workman severely.

And he could have done it, for he was by no means a weakling, and Dave was but a boy.

But policy forbade, and wretching his features—not without some difficulty—into a smile, he said:

"My young friend, I bear you no ill-will for the blow you gave me, for your motives were praiseworthy, although you were laboring under a mistake. If I had been in your place I should have done the same thing."

This speech somewhat impressed Dave.

"D'yer mean dat, mister?" he said.

"Certainly I do."

"Will yer answer me one question?"

"A dozen, if you like."

"Den how was it dat yer happened ter come here a-askin' fer Madge?"

"Yes, dat's der way ter put it," added our heroine. "How did yer ever git a hold o' my name?"

Everton hesitated a moment.

He was, however spared the immediate necessity of replying by the sudden appearance on the scene of Ralph Straight.

The young foreman sprung forward with a cry of alarm as his eyes rested upon the motionless figure of his sister.

As he knelt beside her, her eyelids quivered and then opened.

In a few moments she was quite herself again.

Then the situation was explained to Ralph alternately by Madge and Dave, Everton standing quietly by meanwhile.

When they had finished what, it must be confessed, was not a very intelligible story, Ralph turned to the millionaire and said sternly:

"Well, sir, how do you explain all this?"

The words, the tone and the gesture that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nerol Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot a deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he's in search of his father. Dick Clarke, though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness. Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke promises nothing he cannot perform.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable. He thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit, and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport, he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes he begins to hate him. She will see him herself, and beseech him to take from her the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father. Mabel calls. The condition of restoring her father's property relates to herself, and it is impossible for her father to comply with it. Her heart is won by Henry Davenport. She urges Dick Clarke to accept a part of the money, it is in his power to place in her father's hands. Jerry's proposition he cannot consider. Mabel bids him good morning. Clarke admires her pride.

Long Arrow, an Indian, has a daughter Wanreka, who must be the wife of one brave and skillful. The formidable rival is Indian John. Okanoga is the favored suitor. Indian John yields to temptation and becomes unconscious from drink. The rivals gather and Okanoga gains the coveted prize, and leads Wanreka to his wigwam. Another scene is enacted where Indian John lives. His father goes to his son's lodge; he lifts his tomahawk when he fancies he sees a resemblance in his son's face to the mother ten years dead and his arm falls to his side. He upbraids his son, he is not a warrior—he is only a dog. John denies the accusation, and his father reiterates: "Let him go and live among dogs—he has no son," and the Indian replies, "John has no father." Indian John feels the need of food, and shoots a deer. Dick Clarke fires a musket and claims the deer as his victim. The Indian asserts it is his. Clarke offers him money if he will say nothing about it and displays gold as well as silver. John snatches the pocketbook with one hand and pinions Clarke's arm and ties him hand and foot with a cord. He secures the gold and silver and throws the pocketbook away containing the valuable information relating to the hidden treasure. Jerry goes fishing. Coming home he finds the pocketbook containing the paper left by Mabel's grandfather. Jerry meets Henry Davenport. He would give five hundred dollars if he could put his eyes on the paper. Jerry thinks he will take the money now and he lets Henry Davenport read the paper. Mehitable in search of some peculiar herb hears a call and discovers Richard Clarke as Indian John leaves him. She has nothing to fear if she releases him. She reveals her love for Clarke and invites him to the house. He must keep on the track of Indian John. Failing to find the papers he thinks the Indian destroys them.

Henry Davenport shows the letter to Mabel, who makes herself agreeable to Dick Clarke while Henry Davenport goes to New York to secure the hidden fortune. Jerry receives a letter of importance from Henry Maxwell.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK.

JERRY could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses as he perused the letter sent to him by Mr. Henry Maxwell.

"Can this be true?" he asked himself. "Am I at last to find out who I really am? Oh, if only it is true!"

"You seem to be mightily interested, Jerry," observed the landlord curiously.

"I am," was the answer.

"From some friend in New York, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And good news?"

"Very, Mr. Hill. But I can't stop to tell you about it now. I've got to get home," and without saying more the boy hurried from the tavern.

He felt as if he was trending on air. The trip to New York was enough to elate him. But what if he should find his parents, and what if they should be rich!

"I wish I could fly to New York," he muttered. "Somehow, it seems to me I won't be able to get there quick enough. So Mr. Maxwell is a friend to Henry Davenport's father, the major. I ought not to wave any trouble getting that loan. Not but what I reckon the squire or Miss Mabel would let me have it, if I asked them."

He was almost home when he saw Henry Davenport coming toward him on horseback.

"Well, Jerry, off on an errand?" said the young man pleasantly.

"Yes, Mr. Davenport. By the way, is your father home these days?" went on Jerry.

"He is. But why do you ask?" questioned Henry Davenport, coming to a halt.

"I may want to make a loan from him of fifty dollars."

"Indeed! That is rather out of the ordinary, Jerry."

"It's on account of this letter. Do you know Mr. Henry Maxwell of New York?"

"Quite well."

"I met him in the woods some time ago and stopped his runaway horse for him. He asked me about myself and promised to try to find out something about me. This morning I got this letter."

Henry Davenport read the communication with much interest.

"I must congratulate you on your good fortune, Jerry!" he said warmly. "I trust you will be pleased with what is in store for you."

"Thank you. I wonder if I can't start for New York this afternoon."

"Better wait until tomorrow morning and then we can go together. It will be better for you to go with me than to go alone."

"Oh, Mr. Davenport, just the thing!" cried Jerry enthusiastically. "When are you going to start?"

"Directly after breakfast. I shall ride on one of our best horses and you can have my companion, if you wish."

"You're the best fellow I know of!" he ejaculated enthusiastically. "You're five hundred times better than that Richard Clarke."

"You are evidently down on that man, Jerry—and I don't blame you. Have you seen him today?"

"Yes, he tried to bully me about an hour ago."

"What did you do?"

"Gave him as good as he sent. I hope, after you have found that treasure, that you send him about his business."

"We'll certainly do that," answered Henry Davenport.

When Jerry reached home he took the letters to Squire Parkhurst and then told both the squire and Mabel about the communication from Mr. Maxwell.

"Jerry, I sincerely hope the news proves good," said Mabel. "But let me warn you not to raise your hopes too high. Mr. Maxwell may be mistaken."

"We tried our best to learn something years ago," said Joseph Parkhurst. "But it was a dismal failure."

"You have no objection to my going to New York, have you?"

"None whatever, my lad. And you need not go to Major Davenport for a loan. I owe you something for your services to me, and will give you what you need." And so it was arranged.

Nine o'clock of the following morning found Jerry on his way to meet Henry Davenport. In a bundle he carried the blue overcoat, and in his pocket was the precious slip of paper which had been pinned to the garment.

The boy was in a hopeful spirit, and it must be confessed that Henry Davenport was equally happy.

"May we both be successful in our missions," said the young man, as they started off together.

To give all the particulars of that journey to New York City would occupy more pages than I care to devote to that portion of our story.

Seven days, and half days being spent indoors while it rained too heavily to move ahead on horseback. Every night they stopped at some settlement or town, and at these places Henry Davenport attended to it that they got the best of accommodations. Only once did they get on the wrong road and this took them but six miles out of their correct course. On the way they saw many rabbits and foxes, and once caught sight of a small deer, but nothing in the shape of a wild animal came to harm them.

"The hunters have done their worst throughout this section," said Henry Davenport. "All the big game have moved to the westward."

It had been so long since Jerry had seen New York that he gazed around him with considerable curiosity when they reached the city. They came in late at night and the boy was perfectly willing to take a rest before calling upon Henry Maxwell.

They put up at a well-known hostelry of those times, and never had Jerry feasted upon a better dinner than Henry Davenport ordered for both.

"This gets me," he said, as he was satisfying his hunger. "It's more than I expected."

"I've got to do what's right," answered Henry Davenport, with a twinkle in his eye. "For all I know, I may be entertaining an English prince in disguise."

"Do you mean by that that I may be an English prince?" demanded Jerry.

"Of course."

"Well, I don't want to be. I'd rather be a plain citizen of these United States."

"Patriotically spoken, Jerry. But I am afraid you'll have to take what comes."

Jerry slept well, but was up at sunrise, and a little later presented himself at the house where Henry Maxwell lived.

"Is Mr. Maxwell home?" he asked of the servant who answered his use of the knocker.

"He is not," was the answer. "He went away on business and won't be home until tomorrow. Do you want to leave any word for him?"

"No," answered Jerry, somewhat disappointed. "I will call again tomorrow."

"Will you leave your name?"

"Jerry Blue. Mr. Maxwell wrote me to come and see him."

"Yes, so he said. He told me to tell you he would be home by noon tomorrow, if you came."

"All right then, I'll be back at noon sharp," said the boy.

There was nothing for him to do but to wait, and thinking he might assist Henry Davenport in the search for the Parkhurst treasure he hurried back to where he had left the young man.

"Why, yes, Jerry, you can go along to old Aunt Phoebe's house, if you wish," said Henry Davenport. "There may be quite some digging to do and you can help at that."

"It will just suit me," said the boy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNEARTHING THE TREASURE.

The little cottage occupied by Black Phoebe was situated at the extreme upper end of Manhattan Island, so far above the then line of settlement that its value was regarded as merely nominal. It belonged to the Parkhurst estate, but the old family nurse had occupied it free of rent for years. On the land surrounding the cottage the aged colored woman raised a few vegetables. She also did such odd jobs as were offered to her, but she was getting too old to do a great deal.

When Henry Davenport rode up, accompanied by Jerry, the old woman was at work just behind the house, hoeing potatoes. She was still vigorous, although she could not have been less than eighty years of age. Although it was midsummer, she wore a dress padded like a comforter of the present day. On her head she wore a white cloth that had been twisted into the form of a turban.

She looked up with curiosity, leaning on her hoe meanwhile, as the young man dismounted

from his horse and springing lightly over the fence, advanced towards her.

"How do you do this morning, Phoebe?" said Henry Davenport by way of salutation.

"Pretty comfortable," said the colored lady in a distant tone, scanning the young man's face critically. "I don't know you."

"But I hope you will, Aunt Phoebe, from this time forth. Who do you suppose has sent you a message by me?"

Phoebe shook her head.

"Then you can't tell?"

"There ain't nobody that would take the trouble to send a message to old Phoebe, except it may be that blessed child Mabel, and she's gone away off into the woods among the wild Indians. Oh, me! it seems sometimes as if I couldn't go to the everlasting kingdom without seeing that ar blessed child once again."

"I saw her only three or four days since, Aunt Phoebe," said the young man.

"You saw the dear child Mabel?" asked Phoebe, dropping her hoe in joyful surprise.

"And did she send any message to her Aunt Phoebe?"

"She sent her love to Aunt Phoebe, and thinks she shall come and see her before long."

"Bless her dear heart! It will be a joyful day for old Phoebe. And when will she come?"

"As soon as she is married, Aunt Phoebe," said Henry Davenport with a smile.

"Married!" exclaimed Aunt Phoebe, holding up both hands in astonishment. "That baby going to be married!"

"But she isn't a baby now, Aunt Phoebe! She's a grown-up young lady."

"She'll always be a baby to me," said the old nurse. "Don't I remember how often I have carried the dear child in these arms, and pillowed her head on my bosom? Oh, law! those were happy times. It don't seem as if she could be old enough to be married. And who is going to marry the dear baby?"

"It is a young man named Davenport."

"Is a good name," said Phoebe. "I know'd a Davenport family once, but they went back to England. And is this young man a good young man, and will he be kind to the dear child?"

"That he will, I am sure, Aunt Phoebe. He loves her very much."

"I am glad of that. And how does he look? Is he handsome?"

"Very, as to that, Aunt Phoebe, I'll leave you to judge for yourself," said the young man, blushing.

"Are you the one that is to marry Mabel?" said the old woman earnestly.

"Yes, Aunt Phoebe."

Phoebe came forward, and resting her hands, hard and shriveled by age and toil, upon the young man's shoulder, looked long and earnestly in his face. She was striving to discern by the outward expression the soul that lay behind, and to judge whether he was worthy of her pet child. It was touching to see the anxious concern of the old nurse for the welfare of her favorite—the affection, which nothing could abate, which drew her to the child that had nestled in her bosom.

Continuing, which was a long one, apparently resulted favorably, for Phoebe, drawing a long breath of relief, said, "I know you will be kind and loving to the dear child. There's something in your face that tells me so. And will you sometimes bring her to see old Phoebe?"

"That I will, Aunt Phoebe. Probably, before a month time, we shall come to New York for a short time, and perhaps Mr. Parkhurst will come her to live. But that will depend upon circumstances that I am about to tell you. Knowing your interest in the family I am about to tell you a secret, Aunt Phoebe."

Nothing could have pleased Aunt Phoebe better than this promise, not alone because she possessed a fair share of the curiosity that is to be a characteristic trait of her sex, but also because she was proud of the confidence which such a disclosure evinced.

It is unnecessary to follow Henry Davenport in his relation of the circumstances under which the treasure was concealed. It will be remembered that in the letter of the late Mr. Parkhurst it was stated that the money had been buried in the temporary absence of Phoebe, to whom it had been thought wisest not to divulge it, not from any doubts as to her fidelity, but because it would have been no good to make the disclosure. Now, however, Henry Davenport thought best to make a confidante of her, because any other course would have been beset by embarrassments, and Phoebe might be of essential service to him in assisting him to unearth the treasure and conceal it in her cottage until it could be disposed of in some other way.

It may well be imagined that Phoebe listened to the story with the greatest wonder, and interrupted the speaker several times by ejaculations expressive of surprise.

"Under dat ar apple tree!" she exclaimed. "And to think I've been here so many years, and never thought that there was so much treasure just under my feet. Oh, law! what a strange world it is, anyhow!"

But when in the course of the narrative young Davenport came to speak of the manner in which Mr. Clarke, the lawyer, attempted to serve his own interest her indignation became intense.

"He wanted to marry my baby?" she exclaimed in scorn. "He ain't good enough to marry old Phoebe, much less that dear blessed angel, Mabel. Oh I wish he'd come here; I only wish he'd come just once—dat's all I'd ask. I'd—"

Here Phoebe brandished her hoe, with an air of decided menace that told expressively enough what sort of a reception the lawyer would have been likely to receive at the hands of the faithful old nurse.

Henry Davenport smiled at her enthusiasm, while he shared in her feelings toward the lawyer.

Jerry was introduced, and it was determined at once to proceed to dig for the treasure. As there were no horses near by, and it was not in sight from the road, this step was not considered imprudent. Stripping off his coat, Henry Davenport proceeded to dig with energy, followed by Jerry. At length Jerry's spade struck a hard substance.

"Dat's it!" exclaimed Phoebe, clapping her arms. "Oh, for de love of Heaven, child, work as quick as you can."

Finding they were on the track, Henry Davenport and Jerry began to dig with greater energy than before, and at length revealed the top of a chest very strongly resembling those now used by sailors. Digging around it they discovered that it had long since gone to decay.

"Let us try to lift the box out," said the young man in a slightly strained voice.

He was now tremendously excited, and so was Jerry. Using a spade and a block of wood, they pried up one end of the box and at last brought it up to the surface.

"Hain't we better take it into the cottage?" suggested Jerry. "Somebody may come here while we are opening it."

"Yes, we'll take it in," said Henry Davenport. "Hasn't got a key for dat box?" demanded Black Phoebe.

"I have not; but it is much rotted, and I think it will break open with ease."

It was a heavy load to shift to the main room of the cottage. But neither the young man nor Jerry thought of the labor involved. To get the box open was their one thought.

At last it was in the cottage, and Black Phoebe shut the door and fastened it. Then, with a spade, Henry Davenport knocked off the top of the chest.

There, beneath the cover, lay a pile of gold,

dim and dirty from age, but still sovereign gold, as all could plainly see.

The Parkhurst treasure was found at last.

"It's all there!" cried Jerry. "Oh, what a pile! The squire will be rich as long as he lives."

"Dat beats anything I ever see," ejaculated Black Phoebe. "An to tink dat I was a-lyin' heah all de time an' didn't know it!" And she shook her old head in wonder.

"I just guess Richard Clarke will be pretty mad when he hears how we have outwitted him," said Jerry. "What are you going to do with the gold, now you have found it?"

"Put it in a safe place, Jerry, and without delay," answered Henry Davenport.

While Jerry remained behind to help Black Phoebe guard the treasure Henry Davenport went off to buy a new box and hire a horse and cart to take the treasure away.

All the gold was safely stored in the new box, which was locked and sealed by the young man. Then the box was placed in the cart and taken away to the vault of a merchant with whom the Davenports and the Parkhursts were in the habit of doing business.

"I suppose you want to get right back to tell the good news," said Jerry that evening, when the work was over.

"No Jerry. You helped me and now I am going to try to help you," answered Henry Davenport. "I shall wait and see what comes of this interview with Mr. Maxwell."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OLD MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

My young readers will well understand that Jerry was very anxious to see Mr. Henry Maxwell on the following day.

Half an hour before noon the boy and Henry Davenport set out for the home of the rich merchant.

"Let me caution you not to have too high hopes, Jerry," said the young man, for at least the tenth time. "After all, Mr. Maxwell may have made a mistake, or the news may not be as good as you anticipate."

To this Jerry did not answer. His heart was too full for speech.

When they reached the merchant's house they were invited into the parlor, and in a few minutes Henry Maxwell joined them.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, as he shook hands. "And also glad to see you, Mr. Davenport."

"I came, just as soon as I could, Mr. Maxwell," said Jerry. "I am more than anxious to hear about what you have found out."

"Did you bring the overcoat and the slip of paper with you, Jerry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, then. I presume they are in that bundle under your arm."

"The blue overcoat is, sir. The slip of paper is in my pocket."

"Will you let me see the paper?"

"Certainly, sir."

Jerry produced the slip and Henry Maxwell scanned it closely for a minute.

"It certainly looks like the same writing," he murmured to himself.

"Like what writing?" demanded Jerry, catching the words.

"Never mind now, Jerry. I wish you would come with me. I want you to pay a visit to an old woman who may know a good deal about your past. She was going to sail for Europe, but I managed to detain her in New York."

"Shall I go along?" questioned Henry Davenport. "I take a great interest in Jerry. He has just done me Parkhursts, and incidentally myself, a great service."

"Go by all means, Mr. Davenport," was the answer.

The merchant called for his coach, and soon it came around to the front door and all three entered. It was a handsome affair, with soft cushions, and much better than Jerry had ever before occupied.

"This is what it is to be rich," thought the boy. "No wonder the squire sighs for the old times after being used to these things for years."

After riding in the coach for a good half-hour the equipage came to a standstill before a row of buildings that were in a highly dilapidated condition.

"We will alight here," said Henry Maxwell. "Follow me," and he led the way into the hallway of one of the houses. He passed up two flights of stairs and knocked loudly on a door in the rear.

"Come in," said a somewhat hoarse voice, and the three entered.

The room was dirty in the extreme and contained furniture that had long ago seen its best days. There was one small window, which was open to admit the fresh air, and before this, in a rocker, sat an old woman, with whitish hair and wrinkled features. On the table was a can that had contained ale, and it was plainly to be seen that the woman was a hard drinker and had been for many years.

"So it's you, Mr. Maxwell," said the woman, in her rough voice. "I've been looking for you these three days."

"I had to go away on business," answered the merchant. "He turned to Jerry. "Jerry, this is Mrs. Starfield. Mrs. Starfield, this is the boy I mentioned to you."

The woman turned to Jerry and gave him a sharp look. Then came a gasp and she held up her hands in astonishment.

"It is Maurice Robertson! It is Maurice Robertson come to life again!" she panted.

"You are sure of this?" demanded Mr. Maxwell.

"Yes, yes! Why sir, he is the dead image of his father! If you do not believe it, look at the portrait of Maurice Robertson which you will find in the old Robertson home in Concord."

"What is this you are saying?" asked Jerry.

"He was Maurice Robertson?"

"He was your father," answered the woman.

"Yes, and you look exactly like him."

"Hold, not so fast," interrupted Henry Maxwell. "Let us make certain first." He brought forth the blue overcoat. "Do you recognize this, Mrs. Starfield?"

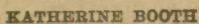
Conducted by Katherine Booth

To be a member of the Club means that you have the privilege of writing me confidentially, any and every time you want about anything that troubles you in your personal appearance, and I'll tell my way to overcome it. So many people write me about just such things that I can't reply through the mails, but I'll answer in these columns. Sign your letter with your full name, of course, but also tell me what initial or nom de plume you wish to use in answering my letters. I will answer under these initials. Of course all of this notice is intended to be given free for the good of all COMFORT subscribers, so in asking any questions you only have to be sure that your subscription is paid in advance; if it has expired or is about to expire you had better inclose 15 cents to the Publisher for a renewal to COMFORT when you write--then you will not miss any of the Beauty Talks.

Stette Rhinehart (31), Denver, Ohio. Never stood on her feet, can only use one hand, wants reclining chair, help her to get it. Willie Jane Sheppard, Wedowee, Ala. Poor colored girl, terribly crippled, buy her book, thirty-five cents. Hetty Latimore, Marshall, Mo. Shut-in, writes charmingly. Cheer her up. Fred W. Bizell, Newton Grove, N. C. R. D. 2, Box 61. Terribly crippled from rheumatism, quite helpless and in great need, help him, please. John Crow, 286 Broome St., N. Y. City. Has spinal trouble, needs money to buy a brace. Mrs. Maggie A. Rees, Winfield, Ala. Is helpless and sick. Needs a wheel chair, also a Morris chair. Johnnie Adkins, Raccoon, W. Va. Shut-in. Needs a cheap electric battery. Anna Zink (14), Rackerville, S. Dak. Hurt in an accident. Can never walk again. Makes turnover collars, ten cents each. Henry Coe, Lyons, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Thanks the League for providing him with wheel chair. Sells pictures of himself for seven cents. Will be glad to receive letters. Nancy L. Price (15), Spencer, R. F. D., 3, Va. Never walked in her life. No father. Grateful for any assistance. Ethel Riddle, Trivun, Mo. Great sufferer. Very poor. Do what you can for her. Mrs. Ella Rea, Spencer, R. F. D., 3, Va. Helpless. Would like letters and cheer of any kind. Iania Walters, Cutbert, Tex., paralyzed. Wants cheery letters. Can anyone pass her on a phonograph? Bertha Brammer, Gallipolis, Ohio. Crippled all her life. In hospital. Wants material for fancy work, and cheery letters. Nellie DeHart, Kansas City, R. F. D., 2, Mo. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. N. D. Adams (62), Farmington, Me.

Be sure before retiring to bathe your face gently in warm water, using the Beauty Bag as a wash cloth, thus preventing the pores from absorbing the dust and grime that accumulate so rapidly. After your face is perfectly clean you should rub in a good face cream and bid you to your little cot with the stern resolve that you will wage such a good fight, both internally and externally, against the foe, as to cause the little wretches to cry, enough! and depart bag and baggage, to haunt some other

In the October issue I will answer some of the questions asked me from the August installment, and I will now announce that the next talk will be on "Thin Girls." So many have inquired for a good Face and Massage Cream or skin food that one has been prepared especially for COMFORT's Pretty Girls' Club. We want all the Girls to try it and surely nice it is, so we are not going to sell it but give a nice jar free to everyone who will send to the Publishers a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each. It is so nice we know you will be pleased with it. If you send a club of 3 subscribers, 45 cents in all, to the Publishers of COMFORT, the Pretty Girls' Club Talk on Facial and Body



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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MOUTLING, clean, draught-proof house, and judiciously selected food are the principal factors in getting winter eggs, and September is the month in which the fundamental work must be done. Unless birds moult early in the fall it is impossible to get them into condition before the really cold weather, for the growth of new feathers requires so much oil that there is none left to provide animal heat, so the food which should be converted into eggs has to furnish the warmth necessary to keep the bird alive.

After many experiments, it has been generally conceded that by withholding food entirely for three weeks, and then feeding heavily rations suitable for the formation of feathers, the moulting season can be controlled. The last week of August mature hens are turned out on free range to forage for their own living. About the end of the second week in September, flocks are returned to their respective yards, roosters being kept in a separate enclosure until the breeding pens are made up in January.

Feed a morning mash of equal parts, wheat bran, ground feed, and oil-meal. Noon: Meat scraps, vegetables, or some sort of green. Night: Wheat, corn, and oats mixed. The first few days give only half meals, as the excessive heavy feed might cause indigestion after the semi-starvation. By the 10th of October the birds should be in possession of full new coats of feathers and robust health. Three weeks after rearing change the diet to regular egg rations.

The chicken-house is, unfortunately, a dark, dilapidated place on most general farms, needing thorough renovating. Commence by having the old roosting poles and nests torn out and burned at once. Do not let them be left lying about. Ceiling and sides must be swept with a stiff broom; corners, ledges, all crevices well scraped to remove accumulated dust and dirt. If the floor is earth, half a foot must be scraped off, the surface carted to a remote part of the farm, and scattered broadcast. It is excellent fertilizer for the garden; but as the previous occupants of the chicken-house may not have been healthy, it is safer not to leave it where your birds can scratch in it. Get a quart of crude carbolic acid and mix it with three gallons of naphtha—needless to say, these commodities must be kept in closed cans in an outside shed, secure from children or fire. Take out about a quart at a time, in an open pail into which a brush can be dipped. The interior of the house is to be thoroughly painted over with this mixture, swishing it well into corners. Scatter quicklime on the floor; shut the door and leave the place alone for twelve hours.

Unless it is an exceptionally well-built house, the outside will have to be covered over with two-ply tar paper. When calculating the quantity required remember that the dealer's quotation of feet in a roll, is of square, not running feet; therefore a roll of two hundred and fifty feet of the usual yard width would only be about eight-two lineal feet.

Choose a dry day without frost; start at the bottom, using the caps and nails which are specially made for the purpose; some makers send out sufficient for each roll and include it in the prices quoted. Each row must be allowed to lap over the edge of the preceding one two inches. Fit up snugly under the eaves of the roof, or, if it is even with the sides, allow ample overlappings; otherwise slanting, beating rains will find a vulnerable spot and cause trouble. Whatever the size of the building, have the greater part of the south or southwest exposure, glass. Ordinary-sized sashes can be bought in or near every village, and are best fixed in grooves top and bottom, because then the whole sash can be pushed back and out of the way on fine days. On the outside, cover the opening with wire netting.

After the exterior of the poultry-house is put into good repair, the interior must be considered.

If the floor appears damp, have a thick layer of stones laid over it before filling in clean earth in place of the surface scraped away. It must be leveled and well stamped down; when finished, the floor must be a foot above the outer ground.

Half a small cup of crude carbolic acid and a similar-sized cup of kerosene stirred into whitewash applied hot to the walls and ceiling of the chicken-house, makes it wholesomely clean. When this is done, have a platform three feet wide run across the back, or end, of the house, two feet from the floor.

Get hardwood slats four inches wide by two inches thick; from these construct a frame eighteen inches wide and six inches shorter than the length of the platform. At each corner of this frame put a nine-inch leg. This frame when stood upon the platform, makes two roosts which, being on the same level, prevents the birds fighting and crowding upon one another, as they always do when the roosts slant, each bird desiring to be on the top rung.

If the house is to accommodate twelve hens, provide six nests a foot square, made in groups of three, with legs a foot high; they are easily handled and removed for house-cleaning. Stand them in the darkest and most secluded part of the house. Put a handful of hay and a china nest-egg in each. Scatter dry sand, earth, fine ashes, or sawdust on the platform, to prevent the droppings from adhering to the boards; it facilitates cleaning. The entire floor space is finally to be covered five or six inches deep with straw cut a foot in length, common bedding hay, or dried leaves.

The yard is best in front of the house. Straight poles about seven inches in circumference and eight feet long, cut from the woods, or four-by-four spruce scantling, inserted two feet in the ground and six feet apart, constitute the foundation on which to

stretch the wire netting. Make a door into the yard, using very light poles or slats for the foundation, and, of course, covering it with wire. Run a baseboard from post to post, and above it two-inch mesh galvanized wire netting, five feet wide. Yards for a house accommodating twelve birds should be at least fifty feet long and ten feet wide.

If time or the restriction on expenditure prohibits the platform, nests, etc., they can be dispensed with for a time by standing the roosting frame on the floor, taking the precaution to have plenty of the scratching material under it; empty grocery boxes can be substituted for the made nests. Nail the netting as low down on the posts as possible, if baseboards are not used, and throw earth all around the outside. Even the roosting frame could be made from straight saplings.

Scratching materials and green food should now be thought of, or else they will go short in the winter and the egg crop will diminish. Dandelion, plantain, chickweed, and all green things, gathered and packed into barrels with a board fitted tightly to the inside on which a heavy weight is placed, will remain in a fresh, succulent condition far into the cold season. This will save expense, materially increase the egg yield, and insure fertility. Ferns and weeds, cut now and dried, will enable you to be generous with litter during the cold months.

September should find all the pullets "singing." Keep them busy, get them to laying before the really cold weather arrives.

Correspondence

E. J. L.—I have been losing my hens; one every few days. They droop for a few days; combs pale; at last have something like a fit, and in a moment fall over dead. I opened one and found its liver greatly enlarged; in fact, the entire liver appeared like a large clot of blood. The hens are fat and have laid well all through the winter and spring. They are B. P. R.'s; have free range, with a little Kafir corn night and morning.

A.—You say the hens have free range and only a little Kafir corn night and morning, but I think that their rations have been much heavier during the winter and early spring, for you also say "they laid well"—and are fat. I should judge you feed heavily during the winter; probably used some highly-seasoned "egg food." The results of over-feeding is often not noticeable until long afterwards. Being now on free range they will recover without any doctoring, but be careful to get them into good condition before cold weather, or the heavy feed necessary in the winter will bring back the trouble. Let them find their own food for a few weeks, and twice a week put one teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia into every quart of drinking water until October, then give one fourth of a teaspoonful of Nux Vomica in every pint of drinking water, twice a week for three weeks.

D. M. C.—I am sorry that I cannot help you. Look through the advertising pages of the local paper.

J. C. Y.—I had two Silver Pencilled Wyandotte pullets and a cockerel. I set three hens and hatched four chicks. Then I sent and got a two-year-old rooster and set two hens, which hatched one chick. The eggs were not over fourteen days old, and when I broke them they looked as if they were half-cooked, and did not smell rotten. There were 15 eggs under each hen; a total of 75 eggs and only five chicks.

A.—You do not say how long you had the two-year-old rooster before setting the last two hens? It would take at least ten days and probably as long again before his influence affected the eggs. I do not care to use eggs for hatching when more than five days old. Were they kept in a cool place and turned every day? Please let me know if you have had any better success since.

J. S. J.—(2) How will cut green grass do to feed young chicks?—cut up fine with their other food. (3) Can you tell me where I can get eggs from Black and White Dorkings?

A.—Your first question is being answered by mail. (2) Grass would do; clover would be better; green tops of onions and lettuce leaves Dorkings. If any of our readers breed them and will send me their address, I will gladly forward them to you. (The person who desires to get eggs lives in Ohio.)

W. S.—Can you help me? I have written to the poultry paper we take and their answer is not satisfactory. I have had several pullets and cockerels go blind. Their appearance does not indicate anything wrong. Their eyes are open most of the time, but when they walk they run into anything that happens to be in the way. They have trouble to find food, though when they get started on a pile of food, they eat some. On dissecting we found the inside lining of the gizzard to be loose from the outer wall, and had several sores on it. They are Leghorns and mash and sunflower seed.

A.—I must own that I don't know what is the trouble, but should fear poison of some sort had caused it; the blindness being the result of the inflammation of the intestines. Has there been any quicklime, paint, chemical fertilizer, or such material left about the place? All I can suggest is to yard the birds and give them milk to drink. Do you use much washing-powder and throw the water where the chickens can get at it to drink? It must be something of that sort.

Only a Girl or, From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

accompanied them were such as might have been used by a master to a servant.

Everton could not help feeling cowed. He drew a card from his pocket.

"My name, sir," he said, "with as much dignity as he could assume."

Ralph glanced at the card and started.

"You know the name, I see," said Everton.

"It is a well-known one," said the young foreman. "I can scarcely believe that you have disgraced it."

"I have not, sir."

And Everton repeated the explanation that he had made to Dave and Madge.

"But," said Ralph, "how did you happen to be inquiring for Miss Mason?"

This time the millionaire was ready with an answer; he had thought up a story.

"The explanation is very simple," he said. "She used to be a news-girl, and her face was familiar to hundreds of business men and women."

"Yes."

"Well, a friend of mine happened to know of a large news-stand that is for sale up town, and he commissioned me to buy it for her if she wanted to continue in the business. I hunted her up after some trouble, and found her today under very peculiar circumstances, as you know."

"That's a gauzy tale," muttered Dave, scornfully.

"I do not think that Miss Mason desires to avail herself of the offer," said Ralph.

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"Well, she don't," said Madge decidedly, "she's got enough o' dat biz."

"You hear her decision, Mr. Everton?" said Ralph.

"Everton!" interrupted Madge eagerly. "Is dat yer name, mister?"

"Yes," replied the millionaire in uneasy surprise, "that is my name. Why do you ask?"

For a few moments Madge did not reply. She pressed her hand to her forehead and seemed to be buried in deep thought.

Then she said: "I know now where I've heard dat name! It was from me mudder's lips."

And tears filled the girl's eyes. "From your mother?" exclaimed Ralph.

"Yes. When she was in her last sickness, an' was out of her head, she kept callin' out der name 'Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!'

all der time. I never heard it from dat day ter dis."

Shirley Everton shifted uneasily from one foot to another.

Then he said hastily: "All imagination, my child, all imagination."

"No," said Ralph straight sternly, "it is not all imagination. There is a mystery here, and it shall be my duty to unravel it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for renewal or new subscription for 15 months, and read the next chapter, "Madge Progresses," when she realizes the interest shown for her is better and higher than a brother's love.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

you will get different varieties. I got four kinds from the common rose color and one of these is a beautiful salmon shade.

I would be pleased to hear from any of the sisters as we could exchange ideas in regard to fancy work and flowers.

I wish "COMFORT" and all its readers abundant success.

MRS. BERTHA CHIFFS, Vermontville, Michigan.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of "COMFORT" for a long time and of late, a subscriber. I am also a member of "C. L. O. C." I, too, must say "COMFORT" is an ideal magazine, full of interesting literature from cover to cover.

I will endeavor to describe myself: I am a born and bred Kentuckian, am twenty-four years old, have blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, small for my age, weight, one hundred and thirty-three pounds. I love outdoors sports and sunshine, nature's best tonic.

I will tell the sisters how I keep my "COMFORTS." I have sheet-music folios, and every month when a new number comes I place it in the folio, they can be placed in rotation and read without being taken out, and instead of clipping out recipes and mutilating my "COMFORTS," I have a blank book that I write in ink, every tested recipe that comes to my notice, and besides cooking recipes I have "Items" of all kinds and it is very valuable to me.

Did any of the sisters ever try the "Emergency Box?" It sounds funny and odd, but if tried, it will prove a great idea, to start one. You must put in a bank or box all the stray pennies left from purchases and to add every economic move and self-denial act and you will be surprised to see how it will furnish assistance at certain times when there is a "draw" on the "bank or Emergency Box."

I would be delighted to hear from any of the sisters who care to write. Wishing success to "COMFORT" and with sympathy extended to all the "shut-ins" I am,

MISS JENNIE STEFFEN, 84 John St., West Covington, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I have taken COMFORT nearly two years and I eagerly await its coming each month.

I have lived in Michigan since I was married and that was two years last June; before that my home was in sunny Santa Fe, New Mexico. The natives of New Mexico speak the Spanish language among themselves. It is a pretty soft sounding tongue and very easily learned.

The buildings are mostly made of dried mud bricks, called adobe (pronounced adoby). The poor people have flat dirt roofs and hard dirt floors, but many adobe houses have tin or shingle roofs, are plastered on the outside to look like stone or brick.

The donkey, or burro as he is called, is indispensable. He is used instead of a horse. They live well on what a horse would starve on. The natives make a tiny saddle of wood, bind wood on this and take it to town to sell. It is surprising how much one of the little burros can carry.

The larger towns in New Mexico are getting too modern now for one to see much of the native customs, but in the smaller towns, especially away from the R. R.'s the people live very much as they did before the Americans invaded their country.

MRS. NELLIE WARNING, Crowell, Mich.

My DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of our little paper over two years, and have made up my mind I want to be a "Comfort Sister."

About a year ago I read a letter in this corner written by Miss Maud Berry and would like to have her write me. I would surely answer. Winnie Shewmake. - Mayn't I come sometime and help you drive the cows. I do love the green pastures, and the golden sunset.

Mrs. M. M. Greene. Your little verse for the shut-ins, has been a great help to me although I am not one.

I am beginning to make Christmas presents. Last year I was so hurried about Christmas-time I didn't have time to remember half of my friends, so I am going to begin early and have everything ready and some of my friends will be remembered with one of those pretty bureau scarfs, J. A. D. was telling us about.

Mrs. A. Grover. How I wish I could visit you, I dearly love all flowers, but the rose is my favorite, the "Empire state's" flower. I sent and got me a "Philadelphia Rambler" and I do hope it will live.

Mrs. Nelson Ashdown. I can sympathize with you, I have been sick twice with nervous prostration, but I think Mrs. Greene's verse is helping me, and Uncle Charlie's department is very interesting.

Prudence Morant. I agree with you about having a motto, and like, "Inasmuch as ye

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP. Is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OSARK HERB CO., Block 51, St. Louis, Mo.**

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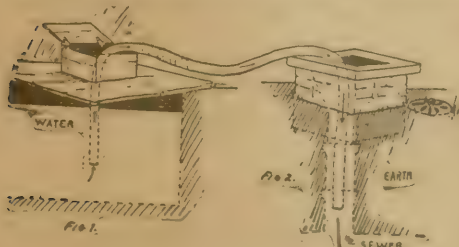
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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Draining a Cistern

IN any yard that has sewerage and an outside slop sink a quick and almost magical way of draining a cistern is by the much understood but little utilized siphon principle. It matters not how far the cistern and sink or vault are apart, or what intervenes between them, the only thing necessary is to have the outlet of the rubber hose or other tube lower than the inlet. To start the flow is the trick that not one out of a hundred



can do. The way to go about it is to first fill the hose with water, thus exhausting the air out of it, then while one person drops the lower end into the vault another inserts the intake end into a full pail of water and quickly lowers pail and all into the cistern. This half minute's work is all that is needed, and the flow thus started will continue until the cistern is entirely drained. To a bright, active boy this idea is worth many crisp dollars.

A Strange Fact

What is it that warms the air? I fancy I can hear thousands of COMFORT boys answer, "Why the sun, of course." Now this is not so, the sun does not warm the air. The earth, by giving off its own heat performs that service. It, of course, is heated by the sun, but there must be something to stop the rays before heat can be produced. It is a very strange fact that heat can pass through a body without affecting it in the least. A gigantic illustration of this is the sun itself, we know that if we travel towards it, increasing cold is encountered. A simple way to prove it is to use a globe of ice for a burning glass. The heat passing through it will ignite cloth yet it does not melt the ice.

Marble Trick

For this trick you need about a dozen marbles and a block of wood or other material with a long groove into which the marbles fit. Place six or seven in the groove touching each other, and tell the company that you can by striking the right end "a" knock as many off the left end "b" as you wish. If someone asks you to knock off three all you have to do is to place three more marbles in the groove a few inches away from the others, and with a



sharp blow of the thumb start them rolling toward the latter. When they strike three will separate themselves from the row off the end opposite to that which is struck. The rule is this. Whatever number of marbles strike the row a like number will be detached from the other end. You can try the same trick with a row of pennies on a flat, smooth table top, but you will not get as good results as from the marbles and groove.

Paint Brushes

A paint brush properly cared for will give good service until it is worn close to the handle, while one upon which the paint is permitted to dry and harden is practically destroyed. Before using a new paint brush or one that has been lying idle you should soak it in warm water for about an hour. This causes the wood to expand, tightens its hold on the bristles and prevents their falling out. When you finish painting cleanse the brush by immersing it in turpentine, dry it thoroughly, wrap in clean paper, and place on a shelf. You need not waste the turpentine used; if the vessel that contains it is sealed, the sediment of paint will settle to the bottom, you can then draw it off and use it for any purpose.

Tool Rack

One of the most creditable things a farmer's son can give his time to is the making of this tool rack. At a glance you can see that it is simple, useful and practical in a high degree. It is shaped a good deal like a common saw horse, and should be made of scantling or heavy plank. The ends, as shown in Fig. 1, are shaped like inverted "V's" and are connected with long strips like the rungs of a ladder. In the top scantling spikes are driven for the tools to hang from, and on the bottom an extending



piece or shelf is placed for them to rest on. Under and between the side parts a wide flat board is nailed by means of two end cleats, as in Fig. 2. This latter serves for a shelf for small tools, boxes of nails, rivets, screws, etc. For a lad who has the use of a large dry barn this rack is handier and more accessible than a tool box.

Liquid Glue

If you are fond of making things, especially of wood you will welcome this recipe for liquid glue. Dissolve an ounce of borax in a pint of boiling water and pour this mixture into a pint of shellac, stirring it gently until the shellac is melted. Then bottle and keep tightly sealed. This glue will not harden unless exposed to the air and is applied by brushing on with a small camel's-hair brush. It is very valuable to anyone who does small carpenter work, cabinet making, picture framing, etc.

Multiplying by 9's

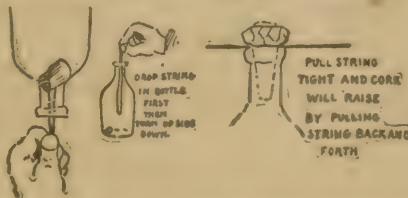
To multiply by 9, 99 or any number of 9's, annex as many ciphers to the multiplicand as there are 9's in the multiplier, and from the result subtract the multiplicand. This makes the work far shorter and simpler as shown in the example.

Example: Multiply 2736 by 999 equals 2736000
2736

It is a good plan to cut out those rules that have been appearing in the Boys' Corner and paste them in a scrapbook or in the back of your arithmetic. Practice them a little every day and you will soon have a fund of mathematical knowledge that will place you far above the average boy of your age. In banks and other places of business rapid calculators receive very large wages.

Cork in Bottle

To get a cork out of a bottle form a piece of tough cord into a loop and lower it down through the neck. Have the cork on the bottom of the bottle with the tapering part up, and by a little maneuvering you can get the loop under it. Raise it slowly till it is fast in the neck, then jerk it out. A glass stopper is best removed by twisting a cord around it,



then grasping each end of the cord and drawing rapidly back and forth. This heats the stopper and causes it to contract.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. Rickard. You have given us a good many suggestions which I know will be of value.

How many are interested in Physical Culture? I am for one, and here is a good exercise for strengthening the back and the muscles of the abdomen. Lie face down on the floor with the hands each side of the shoulders, then slowly raise the thorax as high as possible not moving the limbs, inhaling when you go up and exhaling when you lie back, try it. What it has done for me it will do for you.

If any of the sisters have the song entitled "Only a Little Brook after All," and will send it to me I will return favor in any way I can. I have an organ and am very fond of music.

I would like to correspond with anyone that is going to training, or is training to be a nurse.

MISS KATIE L. POTTS, Williamstown, E. D., 1, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: May I ask for an introduction to the Sisters' Corner? Being a new subscriber I should like to know you all a little better.

I am a New Yorker, but have left the city be-

cause of ill health. I live on the famous Merrick Road; it is a beautiful spot, though I lived all my life in the city till one year ago I do not get lonely. I enjoy reading COMFORT more than I can say, and the letters from the different sisters. I should like to live on a farm. I have read what the sisters have written over and over and gained much information from them. I hope these few suggestions will meet with your approval. How to make a workbag and apron combined.

Cut a circle as large in circumference as a yard of dimity will permit and roll the edge, trimming with lace edging two and one half inches wide. Sew small brass rings on the inside of the circle about three inches from the edge and run double drawing strings through these rings of ribbon, run ribbons in opposite directions through rings, make them as long as your circle is round, finish at the end with small bows. When drawn up this forms a dainty workbag for knitting or a large piece of embroidery and when opened it entirely covers the dress, keeping the work fresh and clean.

A good footstool can be made from an ordinary cheese box by covering inside and outside with cretonne, adjusting the cover with hinges so that it can be opened and closed; it then can be used as a hat box, it is serviceable as well as ornamental.

In the city one appreciates a bit of green; the most of the sisters have farms and gardens and would not bother with a hanging garden but it might be someone would like to try it.

Take a good-sized sponge and sow it full of rice, oats or wheat placing it for a week or ten days in a shallow dish containing water.

The sponge will absorb the moisture and the seeds will begin to sprout before many days. When this has taken place suspend it by a cord from a hook at the top of the window where it will get a little sun, it will become a mass of green and require little moisture.

I should like to hear from any of the sisters who would write.

MRS. E. B. McCAFFREY, Sunbeam Cottage, Valley Stream, Long Island, New York.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: "COMFORT" I glean comfort and information each month from its visit. I have often longed to join the band of sisters, but felt I could bring such a tiny mite of information I hesitated to ask for admission.

Our house and contents were destroyed by fire April 20, from which we narrowly escaped.

Some of the sisters I know have had a similar experience. And sometimes it takes misfortune for us to realize how much love and kindness is among us in the hearts of our fellowmen. Sisters, the world is full of kindness; let's hunt it ever and add our mite.

Try rubbing your lamp chimneys out with a dry cloth every morning.

I would be glad to hear from anyone who attended the S. N. S. and Business College of Bowling Green, O., in the year of 1891. Wishing COMFORT all success.

EDNA TALBOTT QUALLS, Hanson, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Nearly two years ago I wrote a letter to this corner. I felt at home when writing to COMFORT, asking the readers of COMFORT to give me a letter party and it was a grand success. I received nearly one hundred letters. I am very thankful to all who wrote me. I have gained several dear friends through the paper.

I still live on a farm and like farm life. I raise a great many chickens. We own our farm and have a good orchard. This is a mountainous country, very rocky in most places, still there are many good farms almost free from rocks. It is a good country for small fruits of all kinds and vegetables. Plenty of timber and good clear water, pure air and very moderate climate. Cotton is raised abundantly in the southern part of the state, while corn, oats, hay and vegetables are our chief crops here.

Why don't the farmers of this good old state make up and write and give us a good hand shake or how'd'y do, so we will know you are living enjoying this corner?

Mrs. Ward. Write us more of your island home. Like most of the sisters I would be lonesome many a time if it were not for my little folks.

If any of the readers have calico or gingham scraps to spare I could make use of them. Thanking all the dear sisters for their kind letters, with best wishes, I remain,

MRS. E. A. UNDERHILL, Solo, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Perhaps a short letter from "Dixie" land may not be consigned to the waste-basket. I do not see many letters in our paper from this portion

of "The Sunny South," and wonder why it is. I am not a "native," for I came here from Minn. nearly six years ago, but I can truthfully say that I like Florida and anyone who would not be delighted with the climate here, would be hard to suit. Dear old Minn. is all right (except the awful cold weather), but nothing could induce me to again make my home in that land of ice and snow, where—to quote from a correspondent—"one has to wait eight months of the year for the other four to come." Such a winter as this last one was in the North! Snow and sleet on the 11th of May, and no signs of "letting up." About two weeks ago I read in a Northern newspaper: "There is not a warm place to be found on the map." That certainly was news. I imagine if the editor could have been set down in Florida about that time, he would have changed his tune in a hurry. Just at the present (May), the orange trees, or groves, are a sight to be remembered, to my mind, a grove in bloom is even a grander sight than when loaded with great golden balls, though some might think differently. It is beautiful either way. The Magnolia trees, too, I cannot describe them, but a person who has never seen one in blossom has missed a great treat. The gardens here are pretty, nearly every home in both town and country has their wealth of flowers, not for a few weeks but all the year. Of course old Jack Frost makes a short visit once or twice during the winter, and gives a little nip here and there, but in a few weeks you would never know it. Orchards are used for hedges and grow into large trees, the flowers, at a little distance might be thought to be roses. Another favorite flower is the Crapa Myrtle. Pink, red and purple, they occupy the same place here that our lilacs in the North, do there. There are hundreds of other beautiful flowers and vines, but I am afraid Mrs. Wilkinson will scold me if I take up any more of her time, so I will close. I will send my favorite "fruit" cake recipe for the "family" to try.

MRS. E. M. DeCOSTER, Winter Haven, Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Perhaps some of you will remember seeing my letter in the Feb. COMFORT, asking that someone send me a relief or cure, for my mother, who had ulceration of the bladder. We received nearly a hundred kind letters, I believe. Mother is well now, thanks to Mrs. J. W. Coffland of St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Coffland has nothing to sell in this line, but sent the remedy to mother, so I am now going to send it to you all. Go to your druggist and get ten cents' worth Cream of Tartar (the same as you use for cooking purposes), and get also ten cents' worth Sweet Spirits Niter, and five cents' worth Permanganat Potash. Take a teaspoonful of the Niter, night and morning, and as much Cream of Tartar as you can get to stay in a knife blade, letting it extend back a quarter of an inch—three times daily. After using the Niter and Cream of Tartar for two (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12).

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DORETTE.

WORDS BY HOWARD GRAHAM.

MUSIC BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

1. In ev-'ry gay af-fair you'll see her,
2. She'll set-tle down when we are wed, I'm

there's no doubt of that, She's known to all, both great and small, as dash-ing, sweet Do-rette. At ev-'ry swell oc-ca-sion she will sure-ly be on
ve-ry sure of that, I'll find an-oth-er name for her than that of sweet Do-rette. Al-tho' it is no fault of hers that she was chris-ten'd

hand, And ev-'ry-bo-dy votes that she's the fit-est in the land. She used to go to Sun-day school not ve-ry long a-go, She's just as good as
so, I'll find a short-er name for her, she won't be mad I know. Plain Et-tie she will be to me when she be-comes my wife, For-get-ting all her

she was then, but full of fun you know, She may have faults but I don't wish to find them, you can bet, She's good e-nough just as she is, my own, my sweet Do-rette.
gid-dy ways and lead a qui-et life, True hap-pi-ness from fol-ly you can al-ways sure-ly get, If e'er you meet a girl like mine, my own, my sweet Do-rette.

CHORUS.

My dar-ling Do-rette, the lit-tle co-quette, Has won my heart a-way;... She al-ways is so gay, to her the night is al-ways day, My own sweet

pret-ty Do-rette, no wor-ry or fret shall ev-er come your way, In rain or shine if you'll just be mine, So why don't you name the day?... My day?...

D.S.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

days, begin with the Potash, use as a wash, being careful not to get it too strong at first. Use warm water to mix the Potash in, putting in enough to make it pretty red.

To all who do not understand these directions, I will say in close me a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will endeavor to make them plain. But be sure to send the self-addressed envelope, or I can't answer, as I have not money or stamps to spare.

Having some poor suffering sister or brother will be benefited or cured by this, I remain a friend to all, Miss McKinzie, Homer, La.

My Dear:

After a stroll through our beautiful and

picturesque forests, which are so lovely at this time of year with their changing foliage, and see the fields of ripening corn, suggestive of the golden pumpkin, which can be made into pies, the orchards with trees loaded with their precious fruit, certainly gives one a comfortable feeling; though the coming winter looms up cold and forbidding, the careful housewife is preparing for it. Our own dear native land is a pretty good country to live in after all. We have many blessings and "comforts." Of course we have troubles, trials and dark days, but they are interspersed with sunny weather.

Please all of you remember in writing to me, that my address is Orange, Mass., not New Salem.

Mrs. Dale. I was rejoiced to hear from you. I too have been very ill.

Mrs. Miller. Thanks for the cards. I did not wish, or look for any recompense whatever. I hope your health has improved.

The pickling and canning season is at hand, and to those living in the country I would advise them to put up everything in the suitable line that they possibly can. Sickness is liable to come when extra help will be needed, extra mouths to fill, unexpected company, that remain longer than we thought they would, stormy days when one cannot get to the store, then it is convenient and profitable to have all those good things on hand.

If the pork barrel is full, potato bins and apple barrels heaped high, together with dried beans, peas, cherries, peaches and a good generous allopathic supply of canned goods and pickles, with, of course the hens laying an occasional egg or two, the country folk can

snap their fingers at the weather, when, if it does storm for a week at a time, and the roads are impassable, or if two or three are added to the family circle, there is enough and to spare; if any of the dried fruits are left over no harm will be done, but the canned fruits had better be used. Why is it we seldom see any real old-fashioned dried apples? The evaporated chips are not so good, at least, in my estimation.

Mrs. William A. Partridge sends us a true and tried remedy or preventive of those miserable little pests, ants. Get five cents' worth of tartar emetic, mix with one half cup of sugar, and enough water to make it the consistency of thin syrup, place in saucers on shelves, and the ants will soon disappear.

Mrs. Linden writes to can beans, corn, etc.,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritan strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosalyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what tallman is hiding there. Failing at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us." Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl does not yield.

Gene finds his mother waiting and she tries to comfort him. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Exeter, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone. The Trust, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trust, but the brains which conceive them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misstep and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. He tells of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Ambition is the thing that lifts a man above the level of the brute; Victoria is covetous of power. As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. Does Corcoran take him for a dastard—he can do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and realizes he is bought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to keep the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to wait. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. She sees Gene; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He is married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the church. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the house Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene stops in the library and falls to musing. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the picture of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms. Again the woman croons and the cradle rocks and a baby girl looks at Gene. Victoria rouses him from his reverie—he hasn't seen half the rooms. He fails to find a nursery.

Four months later and Victoria is surprised by a call from Corcoran. He searches for his ideal and finds it too late. Victoria begs of him not to play with her—he knows what fire is when beyond control. Gene enters unannounced yet with a repugnance toward Corcoran. Victoria leaves them to discuss business. The months that follow are trying ones. There is borne the cry of a child—a little boy—and Gene looks down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth. In the following months Gene tries to arrive at a better understanding with his wife. Gene enters the nursery to find the baby screaming and the nurse in tears. Mrs. Warfield insists upon giving laudanum to the baby—the nurse refuses without the doctor's order and she discharges her, and from that hour the baby droops.

Congress closes and the Warfields spend the summer at a fashionable watering place. Corcoran is there, and Gene is unkind of the whispered insinuations concerning his wife. He gives his time to his boy, and the little hands pluck down the altar, where Warfield places his idol, Ambition. They return to Washington, and again Victoria disturbed by the wailing of the baby orders laudanum. The nurse, by order of Mr. Warfield, refuses to administer it. Victoria attempts to give it to the little one who gasps "mamma, mamma!" She lifts her hand to strike when Gene wards off the blow, and reading the label on the bottle he dashes it to the floor. Victoria strikes her husband and the blood trickles down. He pillows his child on his breast, and sits down before his desk. He opens and reads a letter from his mother. She can never call him great so long as she hears of his supporting such bills as pass the House of Representatives. He knows the mother is right—he is a damnable scoundrel. John is spoiling Theta. She may lose the dear girl. The young doctor comes often. Let us know about the baby. The child stirs and wails "mamma, mamma!"

The debate of the Harvester Trust Bill arrives, and the battle between ambition and conscience ends with victory for the latter. With the defeat of the bill goes Corcoran's hopes of a lifetime. He will ruin Warfield if he sends his soul to perdition. Victoria pleads. "Would you not spare him, Michael, for my sake?" Corcoran's wife dies. Gene goes home. The baby grows worse. Victoria refuses to stay with her child. It dies, and Gene pleads to let the little one in death unite them. She is unworthy. Gene discovers a note written by Corcoran, and Victoria admits her love for him. Gene thrusts the note into the heart of the flame and taking off the wedding ring tells Victoria she is free.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEFEAT AND REALIZATION.

"FOR a defeated man, Warfield, you are in most excellent spirits!"

"Not a defeated man, Judge, a defeated candidate."

"I suppose there is a difference, yet it had appeared to me when a man loses his wife, his child, and is defeated for re-election, there is ground for belief that my statement was nearly correct."

"Judge, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Blodgett indignantly. "You are old enough not to be heaping coals of fire upon the head of anyone. Mr. Warfield, you have my sympathy. Not that I can truthfully say I am sorry you lost your wife; she was never worthy of you, and I don't care very much because of your defeat for re-election. My idea of Washington and statesmen has suffered a severe shock since I visited the Capitol last winter, but the death of that beautiful boy. What a shame—Gene—forgive an old woman's tears—but—your boy!"

For a time there were only low broken sobs amid the oppressive silence.

Judge Blodgett was completely subdued. He

feared to speak and admit his wrong position lest he, too, would break down.

Warfield remained silent, slow tears gathering, then overflowing in sympathy with the sobbing heart of a loving woman deprived by nature of motherhood.

It was the day following the election. Warfield had gone back to the West and had stood for re-election. He had taken the stump and discussed the questions of the hour. Corcoran had quietly, but not openly, opposed him. Money had done its work. The great political fund of the Trust was used to the best advantage. Newspapers, which had sung his praises while he obeyed the dictates of the corporations, turned against him after his memorable speech in Congress. They had defiled him, both politically and personally. And now it was over. His constituents did not believe him; they feared to trust his honesty and the defeat had been decisive. Warfield knew his opponent had made the same promises to the Trust he had made before his election; but the people did not know. He cared nothing for the allusions to his private life. What he had done satisfied his conscience, but the death of his boy was a sacred thing. It had nearly broken his heart. When Mrs. Blodgett touched this subject all his reserve strength was swept away in the torrents of suppressed grief.

The judge arose, walked over to his weeping wife, touched her gently upon her gray locks, hastily drew on his coat and hat and went out.

After a time the bird in its cage by the window began to chirp, then as the sun burst from the clouds throwing its rays in autumnal splendor upon the window, the inspiration was caught up in rapturous song.

Warfield recovered first. Dashing back the unbidden tears he turned his attention to the songster.

"Dickey, I wonder if you ever long to be free! You sing beautifully but I believe

the cup. In the campaign I have worked mechanically; my heart was not in it. My ambition is no longer supreme. It has taken its rightful place as the servant of the better, the lasting elements of my nature. Pope Pius in his recent encyclical, touched a vital fact. The secular press called it pessimism, but a fearless editor wrote: 'What the secular press calls pessimism we would designate as a note of sadness for the almost universal estrangement of the Christian peoples of the world from Christ and Christian ideals.' This man could comprehend truth. It is a sad commentary upon creed and rituals, but it is true. The Pope is right. The world worships Christ, but forgets what he taught, what his ideals were, what he died for. Money is god. Money gives power and power enables us to satisfy our ambitions, be they for the better or for the worse. We have thousands of great men, Judge; great in everything but self-control. We have the captains of finance, the great pulpit orators, the great minds of discovery and engineering, but what we need is self-disciplined minds. What did Napoleon profit by his strength; of what avail were the tremendous energies of Aaron Burr? Energy is but a means to an end. We can accumulate wealth, with it we can accumulate power and with power and wealth we can compel recognition and live in luxury; but Judge, what does it avail? While I served the corporations my praises were sung by the press, but I knew I was a craven and a coward. I could not look my mother in the face. I—I could not look you in the face either. It is useless, Judge; we can excuse ourselves, we can harden our conscience, but we cannot get peace or satisfaction; we cannot respect ourselves. All this my mother told me, but I could not seem to know it. Christ has told the world the right way, but the world cannot seem to know it."

"Stop a minute, Warfield! I want to get something out of my system, and I want to do



sometimes, even now, the great blue sky is calling you. Dickey! Nice Dickey!"

The bird sang on. Mrs. Blodgett had regained control of herself and was busily removing the dishes used for the morning meal.

"Mr. Warfield—Gene—you don't mind my calling you Gene, 'cause I am old enough to be your mother. I shall never forgive your wife. You never had her love and you are better without her, but that little grave in the village cemetery just out of Washington—he was such a sweet child, and how I could have loved him—just as my own—"

And then the storm broke again and the tears flowed afresh. In a little while Warfield spoke.

"Mrs. Blodgett, your sentiments are as pure as the starlight of heaven. You are a woman and possessed of a mother's love. There is nothing with which to compare a mother's love. It is infinite—eternal. Infinite love admits of no boundaries; it cannot be compared because there is nothing else so pure, so deep, so lasting. It is the highest manifestation of the supreme love, of what you term God, what some others call the Supreme Power. The name matters not; it is the greatest force for good. No matter how far we wander we long for home, and home is the doing of right."

Judge Blodgett came in, very busily engaged in looking after nothing in particular—just busy. He paused when he felt secure he was not to be drawn into the conversation.

Warfield continued, addressing his remarks to Mrs. Blodgett.

"It has all been a mistake. I am not sorry for my defeat. Honestly, I did not crave re-election. Ever since the day in Congress when my sense of honor gained a victory over ambition I have changed. Really, Judge (now addressing his remarks to the other), there are only a few things which are worth while. What is political glory when you know you are a tool and a craven. What is a fine house with its luxuries and without love. Love lives, but ambition, deceit, pretense are the bitter-sweet drags with the bitter in the bottom of

so many times in his day dreams. Several times on the way he stopped to address old acquaintances, and, although no one recognized him until he had spoken, his heart was gladdened by the cordial welcome he received.

"All here is the same—I alone have changed," he said to himself. But this thought, while it brought a strain of sadness, did not detract from the joy of his home coming. As he reached the lane leading up to the Catholic Church, an uncontrollable desire impelled him to stand once more beneath the old tree where he and Theta had parted so long ago, and climbing the hill he saw that someone had recently passed that way, for there in the soft snow lay the imprints of slender arched feet. The blood beat strangely in his veins and a joy so keen as almost to stop the pulsation of his heart swept over him.

"Who but Theta would visit this spot?" he thought. "And if she comes here still, she surely cannot have forgotten the past." Gaining the crest of the hill, he stood for some moments gazing out across the valley. The air had in it the sharp bite of winter but the declining sun shone brightly in a sky of cloudless blue. As on that day so long ago the shadow of the cross stretched darkly to Warfield's feet, and one of his old musing moods being strong upon him, he addressed it as though it had been some animate thing.

"Black cross, between us two there was once a contest in which you came off victor. Have I but come back to renew the fight? and which shall conquer, now? Today I stand here a free man—free in the sight of the law from the woman who bore my name—but will Theta recognize that fact? Is there not some common plane where we can meet and be happy? Can it have been only a dream that I heard my darling cry out to me and fall with a face like death at the foot of this tree? Ah! how I have loved her—loved her as I never loved that other woman even in our hour of greatest passion! My soul's delight, the one woman among a world of women! But for you, old shadow, she would have been mine, and my feet would never have traveled the way so dark and devious. Your shadow still stands between us. Shall I conquer this time, or will you defeat me once again?" He broke off suddenly and followed the footsteps. They led not downward to the main road but across the brow of the hill.

"So much the better," Gene softly murmured, "she is returning by way of the dell. If I hurry I may overtake her." The hunter's blood stirred within him and suiting the action to the word he set off, pausing occasionally to trace the footsteps in places where the branches overhead had protected the path from the snow. On the further side of the hill the tracks led downward. As Gene penetrated deeper and deeper into the world of fairy whiteness it seemed to him he had left all the strife and sorrow behind, here all was peace and joy.

One place she had turned aside to pluck a branch of scarlet hawthorne and a smile stole into his eyes as he saw the broken limb and the place where her skirt had brushed the snow.

"She probably tucked that into her bodice," he thought.

Drawing ever nearer to his quarry he passed through the feathery snow, at length to find himself in a grove of monster pines. There was something cathedral like in the place, the long columns lifting in grandeur to the arches of the clouds and the wind murmuring softly here and there like whispering acolytes.

Then suddenly he saw her.

She was standing on a little knoll in the midst of the grove, her slender figure poised as if on wings, all the awe and mystery of the forest in her wide dark eyes.

Warfield stood speechless. He saw the pure contour of her cheeks with their wild-rose bloom, the lovely red mouth in dazzling contrast to her white skin and the waving hair like a cloud of spun light above her pure brow, and all his being trembled. He, the man of strength and will who had passed through the flame of temptation and come out hardened as the iron, trembled now before the presence of one frail girl standing alone in the ancient wood. The love which had lived through all the years of separation awoke at the sight of her. A strong sense of his own unworthiness came over him.

"Dear Soul!" he cried softly to himself, like one in pain. "She is pure as the snow about her. What have I to do with such as she—I, with the soil and grime of the world upon me?" Yet never had the need of his heart demanded her as it did now. He wanted to speak to her, to touch her hand, and the mere thought that he was free by the law to do this choked him and made him weak.

Presently she started, her hand leaped to her breast, her lips parted and her breath quickened as her eyes caught his and rested.

Gene remained motionless. The desire, the yearning, the long years of ceaseless struggle, the thirst for love—all flamed in his eyes and fixed their gaze in a speechless ardor. So for long, long minutes the duel of their glances lasted—his masterful, passionate; hers tender yet aloof, half proud. Then the mastery of his look prevailed and she took a quick step forward and held out both hands.

"It is you! Or am I dreaming? And yet—how changed!" She half lifted one little hand as if to touch the whitened locks on his temples, then a sudden remembrance came to her of the woman he had married and she stiffened a little and drew back, the hand dropping to her side. In the depths of her soul what woman ever quite forgave a man for having forgotten her for another?

As Gene looked down at the sweet flower-like face and drooping, half parted lips, a torrent of the old feeling came over him and he longed to crush her slender body to his breast; to press his lips to hers until she cried out with the pain of it, yet, so great was his sense of humility he wished to throw himself down in the snow at her feet. He was no longer an impetuous youth, and he had learned to curb his emotions, but he did none of these things, merely taking in his, her little hand, his eyes alone speaking a language his lips dared not utter.

"Yes, Theta," he said softly. "I have changed. So, too, have you, but it is only that you have grown more beautiful."

She blushed again under his ardent look but made no reply, and soon they found themselves walking through the wood in a silence more potent than speech. It seemed to Gene the strangest and yet most natural thing in the world they should be walking there, side by side. Every now and then he stole a glance at the lovely face framed in the becoming hood.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

CHAPTER XIV.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

The first fall of snow whitened the hills the day Gene returned to New Hampshire, and, as he walked up through the one long street of his native village, the scene in its entirety seemed to him as he had pictured it

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* strain on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strain 101. The concentration of the *Agrobacterium* strain 101 was varied from 10⁶ to 10⁹ cells/ml. The transformation efficiency was determined by the number of transformants per 10⁶ cells of the *Agrobacterium* strain 101. The data are the mean \pm SD of three independent experiments.

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... steel barrel made. \$7.95, or the ex
... gun at from \$6.00 to \$12.00, or a
... gun at any price, and you could once s
... take our advice and let us send it to you t

CHICAGO, ILL.

...and the

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gray-eyed Twins, Fairmount, N. D.—You greet the relatives of your new husband's just as you would greet your own kin whom you were meeting for the first time. You would know how to do that, wouldn't you? The wedding supper or luncheon must depend entirely upon the means of those giving it. It may be very simple or very elaborate, and still be in equally good form. A reception by your young friends, would be very pleasant and proper.

Black Eyes, Kerrville, Texas.—We will give you no recipe for painting the face white, no matter if other girls do use it and you want to. Keep your face well washed and use a little simple powder occasionally is all you need. The other is vulgar and nice ladies don't use it. If you have a naturally brown skin it may be made as beautiful as the whitest by proper care and no rank cosmetics. Why do you want a drug-store complexion?

Pansy Blossom, Spencer, Ind.—Look up your almanac for the moon's signs. (2) You can't make your hair golden except by using chemicals that will do much more harm than good, besides making you appear as something that you are not. Let your hair be the way the Lord made it.

Dolly, Circleville, O.—Your hair is rather neutral, and you wear a very colored ribbon, if not too pronounced. (2) Better not use anything on your hair to make it less greasy. If you get it dry and harsh it will begin to fall out. (3) The pinching of the nose pimples is what has done the harm. Stop the pinching and wait for time to make good the damage.

Heart's Content, Sand Lake, Mich.—We think it will be safer for the lady to put her arm around the gent while driving, because he can have the use of his hands to handle the horse. However, etiquette is rather indefinite on that point, and they can fix it to suit themselves. P. S. Be sure to drive a safe horse. (2) The lady sits at the man's left while driving. You don't expect the man to drive on the off side, do you? (3) Ten thirty is the proper time for a caller to depart, Sunday or any evening.

Mamma's Darling, Bethel, O.—It is the custom in the less formal social circles, town or country, for the lady to go to the door with a caller, though when a girl is only fourteen as you are, she should not have callers unless with her mother. She might kiss her caller good night if her mother consented and watched her do it.

Blue Eyes, XXXtown, Texas.—If we recommend the first young man you ask about what shall we do with the other? Hadn't you better wait until you know your own mind? In the mean time go ahead having a good time without caring whether they are the ones or not. (2) Sisters are apt to be jealous of each other, and you must get along with yours until you marry and have other troubles to worry about.

Grey Eyes, Moor's Hill, Ind.—It is not fair to the young man to drop him without giving him a chance to set himself right if he can. Ask him to explain. If he cannot do so satisfactorily, that will be the time to drop him.

Western Girl, Harvey, N. D.—If it is the custom of your community to hold hands without squeezing then there is nothing improper in it. Otherwise he should squeeze it.

Violet, Faribault, Minn.—It is not the lady's place to ask for the ring when she becomes engaged unless the man is so ignorant or stupid as not to give it to her without asking.

L. W., Peru, Ill.—The lady speaks first, unless they are well known to each other and friends, and then either may speak first. (2) The man should lead the way on the car and assist the lady to alight if she needs it.

Comfort Sister, Dullman, Ill.—Always thank a man or any other person for any courtesy extended, though in the case of an escort it is not necessary to be constantly thanking him when you can show your appreciation by saying how much you enjoy what he does for you.

Brown-eyed Gyp, Charleston, W. Va.—A remedy for freckles—if you must insist upon applying remedies to them—is composed of sulphocarbonate of zinc, two parts; glycerine, twenty-five parts; rosewater, twenty-five parts; alcohol, five parts. Apply twice a day, letting it remain for half an hour or more. Wash off with cold water. (2) Your hair is a very nice color. Let it remain so.

Don Quixote, Chester, Miss.—We believe the custom everywhere is that gentlemen do not tip their hats in passing on the street ladies whom they do not know. Of course, you tip your hat to those you know. You do not tip your hat to ladies who refuse to recognize you. You tip your hat as you shake hands at parting or meeting.

Blue-eyed May, Lancaster, Ky.—Don't be snippy. Though you were never formally introduced, your acquaintance is just as proper, and you should invite him to call and take a walk with him, too, when he asks you. Afternoon callers usually get away just before the evening meal, unless they are asked to stay. (2) If you want the caller to stay though he says he must be going, you can tell him so. But don't coax him. He frequently says he must go, just to be coaxed.

J. M., Gaffney, S. C.—It is not necessary to acknowledge the receipt of an acknowledgment of a gift, though if you want to write to the young lady, it offers a good opportunity. The proper inscription on a man's card, unless he has a title of some kind, is simply, "Mr. John Milton." The street address should be given on city cards, in the lower corner, right or left.

Sad Heart, Beckwith, Tenn.—Break the engagement by all means. He does not care for you or he would not be so neglectful. Besides how does a boy only eighteen years old know how to act as an engaged man? He should be at home with his mamma.

R. C., Throop, Cal.—Unless you wish the hair on your arms and hands to become like whiskers you had better not attempt to remove it. A specialist can remove it permanently if you want to pay him several hundred dollars. An old-fashioned shave is just as good a depilatory as those mixed in a drug store and lasts just as long.

Know-nothing, Mew, Va.—We do not know anything about the lady. You may write to her in care of her publishers. (2) The eyebrow pencil must be used very skillfully not to be detected. Your druggist can get it for you from a dealer in druggist's supplies. We advise you not to use it.

Brier Rose, Sebeka, Minn.—Simply mention the man's name to the ladies and their names to him, or better, say "Mrs. J., this is Mr. K.", "Mrs. L., Mr. K.", and there is mention of names after the first introduction is enough. (2) Better try the hot milk to make the eyelashes grow. It can't do any harm.

J. F. M., Clearbrook, Va.—Vaucaire's remedy is said to be the best. We do not know from personal knowledge what its merits are, but it has the reputation. Its cost would depend upon where you had it prepared. Have you ever tried the developing exercises prescribed by the physical culture books? It is very much like work, but it produces results in many instances. The majority of cases we believe are beyond help.

Pumpkin Bud, Brazil, Ind.—In the old-fashioned times it was proper for children to be taught to say to their elders: "Yes, sir, No sir; Yes Ma'm, and No Ma'm," with "Sir" and "Ma'm" in response to a direct question. But they do not teach it so any more, and until recently nothing seemed to be taught instead. Now, we believe, they are beginning to teach children to say "Yes, Papa," "No, Mamma," and other relatives similarly, but so far nothing definite seems to be taught them as to how they should reply to elders not related to them. Something must be done, for the directed "Yes," "No," and "What," are almost barbarous, and we advise you to take up the old-fashioned "Yes Sir" and "No Ma'm." I may have its faults, but nothing better has yet been offered. "Beg pardon," or "I beg your pardon" is used by older persons as a substitute for "What?" or "What did you say?" but that is too cumbersome for children's constant use. Maybe we'll have something right after awhile. As an authority for teaching the old-fashioned method you have the military and naval schools of the United States. Cadets always say "Sir?" "Yes Sir" and "No Sir."

Anxious Darling, Carman, Ill.—If the young man does not know when to go home it is the lady's place to tell him. This is proper and usual and most men understand it. If they do not, they should be taught. (2) If the man is mean in his jealousy and annoying, you would save much future trouble by dropping him now. (3) Introduce the young man to the lady. You may say, "Miss B. this is Mr. C." or "Let me introduce my friend, Mr. C."

Comfort Sisters Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

are the best to use, sealing with wax, though the glass jars are used extensively. I send this recipe in for the sister who requested it some time ago.

Baking Powder

One pound of cream of tartar, half pound each of baking powder and corn starch, mix well, then sift.

Ribbon Pudding

One quart of sweet milk or cream, one cup granulated sugar, put in double boiler, dissolve two heaping tablespoonsful of corn starch in a little cold milk, and stir into the above until thick and creamy. Have ready the whites of six eggs, beaten stiff, add this to the boiling mixture, stirring in very carefully and lightly. After removing from the fire add pinch of salt. Divide this mixture into three parts, melt two squares of Baker's chocolate and stir into one part. Color the second part pink, and have two quarts string beans, break short and put into a glass dish first, then the pink, then white, then chocolate, and lastly the white, cool until firm, serve with whipped cream. (This was sent in by either Miss Hutton or Mrs. H. H. Smith, in our November number.) J. A. D.

Jersey Pickle

Two quarts onions chop fine, two quarts green tomatoes chop fine, and salt down for a couple of hours before mixing, squeeze juice out, six green peppers chop fine, four quarts Lima beans, cook till tender in clear water, with pinch of salt, two quarts string beans, break short and put into a glass dish first, then the pink, then white, then chocolate, and lastly the white, cool until firm, serve with whipped cream. (This was sent in by either Miss Hutton or Mrs. H. H. Smith, in our November number.) J. A. D.

Raspberry Punch

Mash sufficient berries to give two cupsful of juice when strained. Pour this juice upon one cupful of granulated sugar and allow the sugar to dissolve. When dissolved, add the juice of a lemon and a quart of iced water. Serve very cold with a few whole berries added.

To Dry String Beans

Pick, wash, cut in strips, scald in salted water, place on tins and dry thoroughly. When wanted for use, soak and cook until tender, seasoning as you would green beans.

To Dry Corn

Cut from the cobs, spread in a dripping-pan and set in the oven long enough to scald through; remove or reduce the heat until thoroughly dried, and put away in paper bags closely tied up, when wanted for use, soak over night, and cook for two or three hours. EDNA WARD, Millikan, Tex.

Brandy Peaches

To one gallon of peeled peaches add two pounds of sugar syrup and half pint of brandy, and one and one half pounds of sugar, and boil to a thick syrup; lay the peaches in about five minutes and put in glass jars. MISS C. L. HICKMAN, Alleghany Springs, Va.

Tomato Relish

One peck of ripe tomatoes peeled cold, chop and let drain over night, six onions cut fine, three heads of celery, five red peppers, one small cup of salt, drain off and add two pounds of brown sugar, two ounces white mustard seed, five cups of vinegar. Put in glass jars cold—do not cook. MRS. AURILIA SATRE, Sibley, Mich.

Crackeroni

Split crackers, and put in deep dish, a layer of crackers, butter, and grated cheese, alternate it until dish is nearly full, then a slight squeeze of onion, and rich sweet milk poured over the whole, bake a rich brown. MRS. J. B. HUFFMAN, Roanoke, Va.

Chocolate Pie

One cup of sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of chocolate, stir together dry, and then stir it into one and one half cups of boiling water, and boil a few minutes, stirring the while, then pour into a baked crust, and ice.

Muffins

One egg, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, two and one half tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, two thirds pint of milk, one and one fourth pints of flour. MISS ALDA STANTLEY, Brantford, Pa.

Requests from Shut-ins

Mrs. Amelia Wolf, 4856 State St., Chicago, Ill., seventy-two years of age and lonely, wishes scraps of silk and velvet for crazy-work. Let us all surprise her with a little token or a pretty souvenir postal.

DEAR SISTERS: I have been suffering from nervous exhaustion for over a year, with very little hope of a cure.

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FURNITURE, STOVES and HOUSEHOLD GOODS

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SEND US A POSTAL CARD TODAY for our free beautifully illustrated catalogues of furniture, carpets, stoves, household goods, graphophones and pianos. Catalogue G contains furniture, carpets and household goods. Catalogue H embraces a complete line of stoves and ranges. Catalogue K contains Columbia graphophones and records and Catalogue M contains our celebrated BECKMANN Pianos. When writing state definitely whether you desire any particular one, or all catalogues. We will send them by return mail FREE.

WE WILL TRUST YOU and will send you anything you want and guarantee a saving of from 25% to 40% on anything ordered from us. We will give you the full benefit of the cleanest and most desirable credit system ever created, one which is strictly confidential and devoid of any and all embarrassing features. We are the greatest of America's national home furnishing concerns with a combined capital of \$7,000,000.00. We own 25 mammoth retail stores located in the principal cities of the United States and on account of our great size we are enabled to undersell all, and at the same time give you over a year to pay for your goods.

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WRITE US TODAY and do not under any circumstances order any household goods until you have received our free catalogues. In the meantime INVESTIGATE OUR RELIABILITY by writing to any banking house in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Detroit, Cincinnati, Milwaukee or any other big city and you will find that we are rated at the highest terms of financial responsibility, that we do everything we promise and sell precisely as advertised.

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As an example of the wonderful values and our easy open account credit terms shown in our catalogues, we offer this handsome high-grade Parlor Becker chair of solid oak, thoroughly seasoned, finished golden, upholstered in our guaranteed fabric leather, with full ruffled top, sides and front and upholstered arms, beautifully hand carved exactly as illustrated in every detail, for \$4.95. Terms, 75c cash, 50c monthly. Will ship to you promptly on receipt of 75c first cash payment.

I am unable to work, sew or walk, but can read. I would be pleased to have a letter party, Aug. 24, also seeds, bulbs or slips.

Mrs. MARY F. EARNEST, Lomrot, Minn.

Miss Esther Carpenter, Stillwater, N. J., a little shut-in of thirteen, requests letters, cards, reading matter and bright pieces of ribbon, silk, etc.

Mrs. Daisy E. Wilhite, Glenwood, Okla., a sufferer from curvature of the spine, requests patchwork pieces and reading matter.

Miss Julia Thayer, Swift River, Mass., a shut-in who cannot walk a step, and is deaf, requests pieces of any material for patchwork.

Mrs. N. A. Burgess, Box 19, Flona, R. F. D. 2, Ga., a widow and semi invalid of sixty-eight, requests letters and good reading matter.

Orelia McKenzie, Box 30, Hico, R. F. D. 2, Texas, a cheerful but lonesome invalid, requests reading matter, patterns for eyelet or shadow embroidery, cards, letters, etc., those containing stamps answered.

Mrs. Margaret Carpenter, Peachland, R. F. D. 1, N. C. Reading matter, silk, or woolen pieces, and letters.

Mrs. A. J. Parson, Box 121, Pigeon Cove, Mass., a sufferer with rheumatism, would like to be remembered with pictures, letters, views, reading or anything to help pass the lonely hours.

Miss Jessie R. Catlin, Box F, Palmer, Mass., a young motherless epileptic, asks to be remembered by young people with letters, cards, pieces for patchwork, reading matter or samples of crocheted lace or any kind of fancy work.

Mrs. Jennie Stucker, Allendale, R. F. D. 1, Ill., an asthmatical sufferer, requests letters of cheer and calico scraps.

Mrs. Rufus Brown, Verano, Va., wants a letter party, Aug. 4. All who can, please remember her with bright cheery letters.

Mrs. John Ream, Sunbury, Pa. Any large dry-goods house could without doubt supply the feather-edge braid.

Miss Pearl McCown, Elizabethton, Tenn., a sixteen-year-old girl who has not walked for four years, would appreciate letters, remembrances of any kind, sample of fancy work, or materials for work.

Mrs. P. Massey, Lebanon, R. F. D. 1, Tenn., would appreciate letters, pieces for patchwork, bulbs or seeds.

DEAR SISTERS: I am a minister's wife, an invalid, and live here in this great health resort. I would like letters and pieces of ribbon, and will return favors.

Mrs. H. R. Mills, Box 204, Summerville, S. C.

Miscellaneous Requests

Miss Estella Boswell, Hallowell, R. F. D. 2, Kans. Pieces of ribbon three inches wide.

Mrs. Maude Herman, North Collins, R. F. D. 1, N. Y. Worsted crazy quilt blocks, twelve by twelve inches, with name and address of sender worked; will return favor in any way I can.

MISS C. L. HICKMAN, Alleghany Springs, Va.

MISS ALDA STANTLEY, Brantford, Pa.

MRS. AURILIA SATRE, Sibley, Mich.

MRS. J. B. HUFFMAN, Roanoke, Va.

MISS ALMA STANTLEY, Brantford, Pa.

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MRS. J. B. HUFFMAN, Roanoke, Va.

MISS ALMA STANTLEY, Brantford, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Anderson, City Point, Wis. Silk pieces for patchwork. Favors returned.

Miss Clara Silverind, Waukon, R. F. D. 5, Iowa. Pieces of calico, four by six inches. Favors returned if possible.

Mrs. E. Pittman, Sibleyton, R. F. D. 3, Miss. Pieces of any kind for patchwork, and also letters.

Mrs. Albert Bowman, Grand Haven, Mich. Pieces of any kind of cotton material. Favors returned if possible.

Miss Blanche Ford, Blaney, School Craft Co., Mich. Pieces of silk, satin, velvet or woolen, also letters welcomed and answered.

Mrs. L. Kramer, Ionia, R. F. D. 2, Ia. Pieces of any material for patchwork.

Mrs. Lula Parrish, Parrish, Fla. Blocks of cotton material, seven by seven inches square.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanged souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of setting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange as with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The Publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Lillian Moore, 280 Buckingham St., Newark, Ohio. Mrs. J. E. Salisbury, Fairmont, Minn. Miss Geneva Doyen, Richmond, Missouri. Wm. M. Stull, Waukon, Iowa. Henry Michael, 29 Orchard St., Gloversville, N. Y. Bessie L. White, Loretto Academy, Santa Fe, N. Mex. Ter. Louise Neff, 661 East King St., York, Pa. Miss Blanche Hart, Patchback, W. Va. Alden F. Keyes, Jr., Box 141, Warcham, Mass.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

\$25 PER WEEK and traveling expenses paid salesman to sell goods to grocery dealers; experience unnecessary. PURITY C. R. CO., Chicago.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

FREE Send two-cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death as indicated by astrology. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the world's greatest Astrologer. Patrons astonished and satisfied with my true predictions. Prof. A. H. ASTRO, Box 2993, Philadelphia, Pa.

LATEST FALL AND WINTER STYLES FREE

DO YOU WANT A BEAUTIFUL SUIT, SKIRT, WAIST, FUR PIECE, CAPE OR JACKET?

LADIES, if you have any need of any

waist, skirt, cloak, cape or jacket; if you

use a fine fur collar, scarf, boa or fur

neck piece; if you intend to buy any wearing

apparel; if you want to wear the most fashionable

Fall and Winter styles, then don't fail to cut this ad

out and send to us with your name and address, and

see what you get. You will receive by return mail

FREE, the grandest Ladies' and Misses' Fall and

Winter Clothing offer ever heard of, with a

beautiful big book of pictures showing the

newest New York and Chicago styles in

everything for this season, a wonderful

variety, the very latest of everything.

Such a style book and fashion authority

showing such attractive prices as cannot

be offered by any other house. We

cannot begin to describe the countless

styles (over 1,000) shown in the book.

IT MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL ART BOOK

CAN BE YOURS FREE. We will

send a copy of this beautiful Art Book FREE, by

mail, postage prepaid, to every lady who

cuts out this ad. The original cover cost us

\$3.00. All you need to do is to cut out and

return this ad, or simply write us a letter of a

postcard, and see. "Please send me your

free Art Book of Ladies' Styles," and this

most beautiful book ever printed in beautiful

colors showing you the latest and most

of everything that women wear, all of our latest offers, our new and wonderfully low

prices, but the best of all, everything, everything, everything, everything, everything, everything,

simple and easy, all this will be sent to you FREE by return mail. No book like this,

no other one, please come over and see it. Ready in America can afford to be without this book.

Don't buy a single garment, at any price, this Fall

A Friend in Need—Always with You.

WHEN you have Heartburn, Colic, Coated Tongue, Suspected Breath, Acid-rising-in throat, Gas-belching, or an Incipient Cold, take a Cascaret.

Remember, all these are not merely Discomforts, but indications of a serious Cause.

Nip them in the bud—eat a Candy Cascaret. Cascarets don't purge, nor punish the stomach like "Bile-driving" "Physics." They act like Exercise on the Bowel-Muscles that propel Food, and that squeeze the natural Digestive Juices of the body into Food.

Cascarets ward off, or cure, the following diseases:

Constipation	Bad Breath
Biliousness	Headache
Indigestion	Diarrhea
Dyspepsia	Flatulence
Torpid Liver	Jaundice
Appendicitis	Nausea
Colic	Vertigo
Worms	Pimples
Piles	Blotches

In such cases a little Cascaret in time is worth fifty dollars worth of Treatment later on, to say nothing of the suffering, discomfort, loss of Business Energy, and loss of Social Sunshine it saves.

Headaches, Heartburn, Gas-belching, Acid-risings in the throat, and Colicky feeling are sure signs of bowel trouble from food poisons, and should be dealt with promptly.

One Cascaret will stop the coming trouble, and move on the Bowel load, if taken at the first signs.

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket Box of Cascarets with you constantly.

All druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

A WOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex Leads Her to Devote Her Life to Relieving Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE treatment, and the benefit of her long years of experience in combating disease: Leucorrhea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation, are cured as if by magic. Backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex are speedily cured. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, are relieved instantly. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. It costs you nothing. Write today describing your case fully. Address Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, Box 325, Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Note.—A valuable medical pamphlet free to every woman applying for the free treatment.

KISS With 48 photo MOVING PICTURES showing how to kiss. Carious novelty for 77 folks: all 12 books for all. Price 25 cts.; ONE only, 10 cts. if ordered NOW. Mur. Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 25th St., New York.

A MODERN HARMONICA

Concert Horn Extra Loud.

The new model 1907 instrument with big nickel horn for sound variations is the most modern Harmonica in use. Just improved and patented. It furnishes a new field for Harmonica music, as one is enabled to give the beautiful soft effect to certain notes which renders the interpretation of many songs to the satisfaction of the hearer. Some kinds of music is written for loud notes, other music is largely composed of softer notes, and it is to properly render these variations that this new model has been devised. The Harmonica is a full-size instrument, easily played, and being attached to this silver concert horn, the notes are modulated and magnified until the sounds are distinct to all hearers, making it extremely desirable for concert work. Single, double and triple "tonguing" feat can be readily performed with this Harmonica and the horn can be made to respond to the player's feelings by the proper use of the diaphragm. To convince you this is our best Harmonica production, we will send you one free if you will send us a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

C. K. S. Hancock, Md.—You are not far from Washington, where the Secretary of Agriculture has his headquarters and where you can get any and all kinds of seeds. Write to him for information. If he cannot supply you he can tell you where you can get them.

Subscriber, Fayetteville, Texas.—We imagine that every town of any magnitude in Texas has one or more dancing academies and we also imagine that teachers do not receive very large salaries. Write to your nearest city and find out what it has.

J. W. W. Handley, Texas.—We do not know where the return-ball is manufactured, but you can buy it at any toy store, or department store in the larger towns. Write to any one of the big stores advertising in Texas papers. The price is from a nickel up.

W. H. Evansville, Ind.—Write to Sup't Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., where you will probably get all the information you wish.

Wayside Lily, Lookaba, Okla.—The Isle of Man is a small island off the coast of England. Have you no geography or encyclopedia?

W. B. Lowell, Mass.—You live where there is much mind machine work to be done and should be able to find it near your home if it is to be found at all. It is difficult to find anywhere.

Reader, Mahanoy City, Pa.—You can get the books you want from book dealers in Pittsburgh. Have you ever tried there? Have you no Carnegie Library in your town? Inquire there.

G. S. Mitchell, Neb.—If your friend thinks he has found gold, he had better submit some specimens of his dust to an assayer, or to a chemist, or jeweler. He need not tell where he got it. If he has any pay dirt he can wash it by putting it in any sort of a pan, pouring in water and shaking it around when the gold particles, "dust" will sink to the bottom, where he can pick it out after he has poured off the water.

E. G. Cuyahoga Falls, O.—Write to Tiffany & Co., New York about the pearls. They will give you what they are worth, if they are worth anything. About the buttons write to F. G. Dexter, No. 338 Broadway, or to Empire City Pearl Button Works, No. 395 Broadway, New York City.

Subscriber, Oconto, Wis.—We haven't time to do it. Get a dictionary and work them out for yourself. It will improve your habit of thought, and teach you to do for yourself what you want somebody else to do for you.

Mrs. M. Cropper, Okla.—Your questions are too vague for us to answer. Ask some music teacher in your town. (2) There are numerous musical magazines published. Kinkaid's Musical Review, St. Louis, Mo. is what you want. Write for a copy.

Mrs. E. J. B. West Finley, Pa.—The author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" is John Fox, Jr., a Kentuckian. You can get the book from John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa. The price is \$1.00, with twelve or fourteen cents extra for postage.

J. U. Coloma, Wis.—There is a demand in all Western states, including Colorado for farm help. As you are not strong, you might find a home with some farmer and do light work on a light salary with your keep. When you get stronger you could do better. Open air work is the best for you, even if you got no pay. You would have to go there to find the place, because satisfactory arrangements could not be made from a distance.

F. E. M., Pine View, Ala.—The pearl in the mussel shells might be used by button makers. See answer above to "E. G. Cuyahoga Falls, O."

(2) As far as we have ever heard the firms you ask about are reliable.

C. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—If you will pay a visit of inquiry to the Brooklyn Library and ask anyone there you will get information in much more satisfactory shape than we can give it to you. We believe you will find the library on Montague Street, not far from City Hall. Information is free.

Cora C. Haselton, Bennett, R. D. 1, Iowa, a cripple who wishes to help herself, would like to hear from wire artists and those acquainted with the trade as to how best she should go about acquiring the art and selling her product as she cannot walk. Anyone having any information will write direct to her.

Anxious, Headrick, Okla.—A general course in some one of the numerous correspondence schools is the best plan to acquire an education at home. Write to several of them—they advertise in COMFORT and elsewhere—and make your selection when you have found what you want. In addition read such good books as you may be able to buy or borrow.

Sue, Fon du Lac, Wis.—Really we have forgotten the names of those children. Ask the editor of your local Republican newspaper. If he does not know, he is unworthy of his party. (2) Any encyclopedia is good if you have none. We don't know the price. If you get one from a second-hand dealer it will cost much less and be just as good until you are ready for the very best. (3) By all means finish your High School course. A cyclopedia won't do you much good if you know that you should continue at school as long as possible.

If Orphan Girl, Talladega, Ala., will write to Mrs. E. Van Anderson, Annandale, S. C., or to The Ladies Art Co., 404 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., she will get information about the making of patchwork quilts. In writing to the Art Co. she should mention whether or not she has the silk pieces, as that will make considerable difference in the price.

Subscriber, Alderson, W. Pa.—All the states do not have laws as to age of persons marrying without consent of parents. In those that do, the minimum is the age for males, in all except California, Delaware, Idaho and N. Dakota where it is eighteen; and Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, N. Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, S. Carolina, Kansas, S. Dakota, Utah, Virginia, W. Va., Wisconsin and Wyoming. It is eighteen in all the other states, having laws, except Delaware, Dist. Columbia, Idaho, Maryland, New York and Tennessee in which it is sixteen, and in California and N. Dakota, it is fifteen.

THREE DOLLARS a day sure. Without a doubt a great opportunity. For particulars see last page of this paper.

\$8 Paid For 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing Aid. Send 5c stamp. A. W. SMITH, COMFORT, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Gospel Ship

What ship is this that's passing by?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why, it's the old ship of Zion,
Hallelujah!
Why, it's the old ship of Zion,
Hallelujah!
Is your ship well built,
Is your timber all sound?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Yes, she's built of Gospel timber.
Hallelujah!
Yes, she's built of Gospel timber,
Hallelujah!
Who have you for your captain on board?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why King Jesus is our captain,
Hallelujah!
Why King Jesus is our captain
Hallelujah!
Who have you for your passengers on board?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why they're all converted soldiers,
Hallelujah!
Why they're all converted soldiers,
Hallelujah!
Where do you think she will land her crew?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why, she'll land it on the highlands of Heaven, Hallelujah,
Why she'll land it on the highlands of Heaven, Hallelujah!
What will we do when we all get there?
Oh! Glory Hallelujah!
Why we'll sing and shout forever,
Hallelujah!
Why we'll sing and shout forever,
Hallelujah!



Don't Delay Until You Are a Sight Like Above.

Reduce Your Fat.

TRIAL BOX FREE.

No dieting, exercise or exertion is necessary. My natural scientific Obesity Reducer does all the work. You will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home reducer. Send your name and address—no money—today to F. J. Kellogg, 545 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., and receive a trial package in plain wrapper free by return mail.

PILES

Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Botot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

10,000 POST CARDS

Birthday Specialties, etc. Also Albums. Complete Catalog and Handsome Samples. NATIONAL POST CARD CO., 788 Logan Building, Philadelphia, Pa. VIEW COMIC LEATHER 10c

BED-WETTING CURED

It is not a habit but a disease. Cure guaranteed. SAMPLE FREE. Dr. E. E. May, Bloomington, Ill. Box 1125.

TWELVE POST CARDS FREE

We will send 12 BEAUTIFUL ART POST CARDS, printed in many colors, all different and the prettiest out, to anyone sending only 10 cents for a trial subscription to our fine Family Story Magazine. Send name and 10 cents. Dept. 7, PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, Box 1275, Boston Mass.

LUXURIOUS SHIRRED SILK and LACE TRIMMED CORSET 99c

As a special adv. for our great Dry Goods and Notion Dept., we will sell special 6,000 of our elegant, shirred silk and lace trimmed regular \$2.00 "Special" Corsets at 99c each, less than half regular price. This superb corset is a beauty, luxurious and dainty, an exact copy of a LOVELY FRENCH PATTERN CORSET which cost \$75 to make and import. It is flexible and easy, a delight to wear, molding stout, medium or slender forms into perfect symmetrical figures elegantly made by expert corset makers of fine, closely woven, imported white French Coutil, in 5-button clasp; full bias bodied, bound with extra strong, flexible rust-proof lining; made with graceful tapering waist, extended hips, straight seams and attached double front and hip bone supporters. Exquisitely finished around top with a deep trimming of rich pongee silk shirring and a lovely large alken bow, charmingly arranged over a dainty lace gallow, with ribbon beading to match. Sizes 18 to 30; white only. Send 25c and 11c extra to pay postage (\$1.10 in all) give size worn, state whether you are slim, medium or stout and we will send you one of our elegant shirred silk and lace trimmed, regular \$2.00 "Special" corsets, subject to approval. If you like it and think it equals any \$2.00 corset you have ever seen and is as pretty and dainty as any corset you ever saw at any price, if it fits perfect, keep it. If not, send it right back and we will promptly return your \$1.10 and you will not be out one cent.

Order the corset today. Write for Our Big Free Dry Goods and Notion Catalog

which presents thousands and thousands of wonderful bargains in latest things in dry goods and notions of all kinds, including ribbons, handkerchiefs, laces, embroideries, knit goods, gloves, toilet sets, dress goods, silks, domestics, linens, hosiery, underwear, shawls, trunks, suit cases, etc., at wholesale prices. WRITE FOR DRY GOODS CATALOG TODAY.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

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JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

Are You Sick? I WILL HELP YOU

Treatment
and letter
of advice is
FREE

Send no money
Write today

Dr. Kidd

A Free Treatment to All Who Ask

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and "go" that make life worth living, whether you are rich or poor—old or young—man or woman, *read what I have to say, hear what I have to offer you.*

Positive Proof Without Price

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that. I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I *do* ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at **my own expense**—to pay the cost, **every penny of it myself.** I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

May I Send the Proof?

This is all I ask. No money—No promises to buy—No papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation. On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better," but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being hearty and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

All Diseases

All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many remedies you have vainly tried—no matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty. Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, Catarrh, Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, Nervousness, All Female Troubles, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Chronic Coughs, All Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Impure Blood, Partial Paralysis, Piles, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Anaemia, General Debility. All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past—many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

The Proof is Free

—tell me as much about your condition as you can. Careful attention to each case has helped to make me successful. I want to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in a plain wrapper, postage paid, and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbor. It may mean long life, health—strength—vigor—to you, if you write me today. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address

DR. JAMES W. KIDD, Box 1231, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NOTE: We have known Dr. Kidd for years—we know that he will do exactly what he promises. If in need of treatment you should accept his generous offer.



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In order that you may have an idea of what we really do for our agents as well as our subscribers, we now instruct you to get up clubs of new subscribers for a period of 15 months for 15 cents—a three months' subscription is included with each year's subscription order, making an attractive inducement, in addition to all else we now give in our regular editions at 15 cents for one year. This is positively the biggest and the best Family and Home Monthly published, has more valuable information and more stories than any family paper offered you at any price. It is profusely illustrated, has bright interesting stories and is constantly improving in quality and appearance.

If you will but try club soliciting for a few hours, you will be delighted with results, and more than pleased with the rewards we offer you. Send your request for our big catalogue, subscription blanks, etc., and go to work at once. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Free for Clubs of Two.

For only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Silver Aluminum Tray, handy for a hundred and one purposes.

A 20-inch Cloth Doll to be sewed and stuffed. Instructive and pleasing.

One copy of either of these great books, "Young America's Letter Writer," or, the "Great Book on Politeness."

A beautiful oil painting reproduction, 17x24 inches in size, suitable to frame for the parlor, entitled "Defiance."

Your choice of two beautiful stamped Linen Sets, one has American Beauty Roses, the other Strawberries and flowers of the wood. One has 324 square inches of material, the other has 466 square inches of material.

A Rubber Singing Pig. Fun and squeals by the cart load for everyone.

A Pair of Linen Baby Bibs, with an outline sketch for embroidery.

One 20-inch Stamped Linen Centerpiece. Very handsome pattern from our large stock.

A Flying Song Bird. Curious Japanese Novelty; very ingenious and entertaining.

A Comfort Stamping Outfit with directions and material, over seventy patterns on four large sheets.

A Venetian Bead Necklace, 20 inches long, for fans, etc. Made up of hundreds of pretty glass beads.

A Pair of Glass Salt Holders for the dining table.

An Aluminum Pocket Drinking Cup, collapses into a neat case for convenient pocket use.

A Paper Hat, fully described elsewhere in this issue.

A Gentleman's Stylish Superb Silk-finish Pocket Handkerchief. Very handsome.

An Assortment of One Dozen Colored Foreign and American and Comic Souvenir Post Cards. All good selections.

An Assortment of 16 Transfer Designs, containing 49 patterns for ladies' fancy work.

Four attractive Paper Bells, suitable for decorating 15 or out doors. Very attractive and a great craze now.

A Post Card Album that will accommodate fifty cards.

A 1907 Style of Fancy Back Comb for Ladies' Wear. Very effective.

A Two-bladed Pocket Knife, German Silver Handle, good strong, a keen cutter.

A Cute Indian Novelty. A Navajo Purse for change, etc.

A Genuine Magnifying Glass of great strength.

A Stamped Mantle Scarf or Lambrequin, 88 inches long, also suitable for Piano Cover.

One Pair "Catch-On" Hat Pins, a woman's good friend. Your hat can't be blown off if you use these.

A Teddy Bear Target Game. Harmless, amusing indoor game to amuse the whole party.

Free for Clubs of Three.

For only three yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Victorian Stamping Outfit, consisting of seven sheets of patterns each sheet 17x22, with outfit and directions.

A Magic Fortune Teller; it tells your fortune and answers all sorts of questions with surprising accuracy. This will please you.

A copy of "Lover's Encyclopedia," a large volume of verses and fascinating literature for young folks.

A Set of Six Beaded Edge Teaspoons. One has use for large numbers of teaspoons and this is an unusual chance to get some free.

A handsome colored embossed Picture Frame for photographs. Size 7x9 1/2. Complete with glass.

An Art Table Cover made of pretty material and an addition to a center table in any room.

A Coral Necklace of over three hundred beads, made in three strands. These are the very height of fashion and real coral is now in great favor and very expensive.

A Trumpet, or Trumpet Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument. Professional players can appreciate this instrument.

Aluminum Articles in variety, either a Napkin Ring, Pocket Match Holder or a Child's Mug.

A Chased or Plain Band Ring, made in Gold Shell pattern. Will wear for years and not tarnish.

A copy of our "Diamond Song Collection" of popular music, words and score complete.

A set of Silver Aluminum Salt and Pepper Shakers, full family size; won't tarnish.

A Stamped Linen Tray Cloth, 18x24 with fringed edge; a popular premium.

A Ring for Baby, 14k. gold filled and do not wear off black. We have them engraved "Baby," "Pet" and "Darling."

A Set of Three Ladies' Handkerchiefs, all hem-stitched and stamped for embroidery.

A copy of Pratt's Chart of Chords and Album of Songs. Teaches how to play Piano or Organ.

A Dancing Polar Teddy Bear for the children.

A beautiful cloth-bound story book, "English Orphans," by Mary J. Holmes.

A "Quick and Easy" Egg Beater. The finest and best on the market.

A Ladies' or Child's Real Leather Belt with Metal Buckle. Send waist measure.

One of our Battenburg Outfits of over 1000 square inches of all new neat designs.

A Beautiful Framed Picture, the subject in several colors, all complete to hang on wall.

Our Boys' Printing Outfit. Two hundred separate pieces of type, type holder, pads, etc., complete for printing cards, etc.

Large fringed and stamped Linen Tray Cloth, with embroidery done.

The San Francisco Earthquake Horror completely told in a fascinating manner; profusely illustrated.

Free for Clubs of Five.

For only five yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Complete 850 Page Bible. Both the Old and New Testament. Clear print on extra quality paper, soft binding.

Wonderful Harmonophone or Full Brass Band Harmonica, a loud and sweet-toned instrument.

A copy of Chiero's Great Book on Palmistry. New and complete edition.

A Practical Fountain Pen. Hard rubber barrel, 14k. gold pen nib.

A set of Four 24-inch Bandanna Handkerchiefs. Ladies know of many uses for them. They are very practical.

A Nut Cracker and Six Picks. A splendid seven-piece set.

A Handy Tool Set of twenty useful articles.

A complete set of Four 24-inch Stamped Linen Centerpieces.

One copy of Wood's Natural History, an 808-page Animal Book.

Two handsome Cloth-bound Books by Mary J. Holmes, "Mildred" and "Millbank."

Giant Outfit of 50 Assorted Post Cards, all different.

"THAT NOBLE ANIMAL, THE HORSE." YOU WANT IT.



Care, complete instruction on proper Horse Shoeing the animal. This one part alone is worth many dollars every year. It is a colossal compendium of Nothing left out. Clear, Concise and Captivating on Horses in itself. Gleason's Horse Book is found a volume until now.

ing and an invaluable Study of the Diseases and Treatment of the horse. Every person ought to know who is in any way interested in horses. Order one today and you will never regret it; it is a Whole Library in the libraries of the wealthy and has always been sold as high as \$3.00

CLUB OFFER. To our new readers interested in Horses and Cattle we make this liberal offer: Send us 23 cents to pay all shipping charges and for a trial of six months' subscription to our great NATIONAL FARMER, and we will send you, postpaid, a copy of Professor Gleason's great 320-page book. If you will get up a club of only two yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free.

THE GREATEST and BEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN ON HORSES.

A Gold Mine of Interest and Information by Which You Save Dollars.

Prof. Oscar Gleason, the greatest horse owner, trainer and breaker that ever lived in America has at last consented to write a book on the Horse. We have made arrangements to furnish copies of this valuable work to all lovers of horses, and we call your attention to the great value of this unparalleled work which should be in every home and stable in the land. Gleason's Horse Book is a large handsomely bound book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored covers and richly and elegantly illustrated with 186 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, produced under the direction of the United States Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful methods of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching, Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, times the value of the book and will save horse owners hundreds of dollars every person ought to know who is in any way interested in horses. Order one today and you will never regret it; it is a Whole Library in the libraries of the wealthy and has always been sold as high as \$3.00

What COMFORT Offers You!

Two new stories continue in this issue and we propose to publish during the coming fall and winter months the most interesting and entertaining issues of COMFORT we have yet brought off our presses.

We are anxious to begin this early Autumn subscription campaign in order that we may obtain the greatest possible number of new subscriptions, also renewal orders, before January 1st, 1908. We start right in by giving you a bigger and better COMFORT instead of promising improvements, and a partial list of what is now commenced in this issue, or is to appear next month and in November, must be interesting reading for you and convince you of the superiority of COMFORT as the favorite and ideal home monthly magazine, now entering its twentieth year of usefulness.

Two New Stories this Month

From "St. Elmo" to "A Speckled Bird" is a continuation of the feast. The very popular success of "St. Elmo" convinces us that "A Speckled Bird," by the same author, Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, will become its rival among all our readers, and it is a source of pleasure to us to be enabled to offer this great serial, which will appear in generous monthly installments during the coming season. The opening chapters appear now, and we invite your attention to it, knowing you will be at once interested.

"Only a Girl; or, From Rags to Riches," by FRED THORPE, a delightful girls' story, opens with vim and vigor characteristic of the entire story, which is bound to absorb the reader from beginning to end. We have been indeed fortunate to obtain the privilege to publish such a splendid story, which appeals as readily to the older as well as to the younger generation. It is good for anyone to read such a story as "Only a Girl."

Mary J. Holmes and Oliver Optic stories are in hand and the first installments will appear in early numbers of COMFORT. Our Mary J. Holmes' story, The Heiress of Beechwood, will be one of the very best features of our magazine for the whole winter. No writer of popular fiction has produced in quantity the valuable fiction stories written by MRS. HOLMES, who at an advanced age still enjoys the enormous royalties from her numberless copyright stories, which a generous and admiring public are always eager to read. This is one of her favorite stories and is destined to become immediately popular with our readers. Do not fail to be ready for the first installment.

"Charlie's Fortune," a very strong Optic story, commences soon, and while it is a young folks' story, it will entertain persons at any age. OLIVER OPTIC STORIES are not to be had in any and every publication; heretofore a prohibitive copyright royalty has kept these stories in the "book form" class and made it impossible to obtain serial privilege. OLIVER OPTIC, as the premier author of young folks' stories, needs no introduction to COMFORT readers; the name and story title warrant the quality, and you have but to read to be entertained.

STILL ANOTHER NEW STORY. We have had a great call for more stories by that famous author, Ida M. Black, and take pleasure in announcing one of her latest and best serials entitled, The Death Bed Marriage or, The Missing Bridegroom, which we are sure all of our readers will appreciate when it appears in COMFORT this fall. These are only a few of the many new stories COMFORT will give you during the coming year.

"JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY," and "THE SHADOW OF A CROSS," continue to appear in regular installments. In each instance there are some of the best features of the stories yet to appear and the closing chapters become all absorbing. A larger number of SHORT STORIES will be printed through the year, and our editors are now making selections from a great many treating on interesting subjects.

The Pretty Girls' Club

is a NEW FEATURE, first presented last month, and our thousands of feminine readers will derive mental as well as physical benefit from our Beauty Column to be conducted on the most approved scientific lines by KATHERINE BOOTH, an authority on how to be pretty, as well as skin, scalp and facial defects in general. The article is to be interestingly conducted to suit all girls from eight to eighty and must be of important value to all.

Uncle Charlie, Boys' Corner, etc.

In addition to above programme, COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, IN AND AROUND THE HOME, SISTERS' CORNER, COUSIN MARION, ETIQUETTE EDITOR, HOME LAWYER, MUSIC, MANNERS AND LOOKS, FAMILY DOCTOR and the BOYS' CORNER, conducted by Uncle John, are each continued, and best of all, COMFORT'S big agency and premium reward plan is always available. The biggest and best premiums for the least number of subscriptions to the most popular home monthly published.

A Word About Expiring Subscriptions

In order that you may continue reading our new stories and to induce new subscriptions for the coming season, to extend the field of COMFORT and further familiarize it among new families, we offer below an extra special subscription privilege. In addition to placing before you an unusual array of all new popular and practical premium gift articles which are free for small clubs of subscribers at our 15-cent rate and in order to have our expirations occur at the year end, we shall send COMFORT until December, 1908. In connection with club agency work we furnish catalogues, etc., free upon application.

15 Months' Subscription 15 Cents

You will not want your subscription to cease now that we have begun all of these stories and are to commence so many others right away; so if the number on the wrapper in which you receive this copy of COMFORT is 227 or less, you should renew at once, sending 15 cents to December, 1908, otherwise you will be without COMFORT. So if you accept now and renew you get 15 months' subscription for 15 cents.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.
For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT to run until December, 1908.

Name _____ County _____
Town _____ State _____
Sept. '07.

Free for Clubs of Seven.

For only seven yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles, postpaid:

A Sleeping and Moving Eye, Dressed Doll, 15 inches high. A great big baby doll for the little ones.

A King All Steel Air Rifle, for small birds and game. Every boy has his heart set on an Air Rifle.

A Ladies' Leather Wrist Bag. New and very stylish. Worn by all ladies of refinement.

A Gent's Watch, warranted for one year. A full size watch and suitable for father or brother.

A Shaving Set of seven first-class articles. This set will please the most fastidious.

A Practical Typewriter.

A Silver Plated Meat Fork of a generous size, handsomely engraved and sent in a neat case.

A Swedish Razor-Steel Knife with folding blade. Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.

One Dozen Table Napkins, red or blue border with deep fringed edges.

A copy of "St. Elmo," one of the sweetest stories ever written; a book of 660 pages of good reading.

A 20-inch lined Art Cloth Sewing Machine, 13 skeins pure silk with needlework instruction book. One of our choicest premiums.

Opal, Emerald and Ruby Rings set with tiny rose diamonds. Stylish, pretty.

A copy of one 450-page book by Jacob Riis, "Roosevelt, the Children." A story every American should read with interest.

Square Deal Jackknife, for Men or Boys. Has two large steel blades, of extra good quality material; will take and keep a sharp edge. A big, strong knife for practical uses.

Free for Clubs of Eight.

For only eight yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

A Deerfoot Handle Hunting Knife, with a folding blade. This knife is suitable to dress game and fish. Is extra strong and durable.

A Miniature Swiss Clock, imported from the old country where these beautiful woods grow and where the natives are all expert wood carvers. The works in these clocks are first class and the clocks run well for a long time.

A Family Syringe, Bulb, three hard rubber connections and no metal to rust or corrode.

A Family Carving Set, very brilliant.

Boys' Steam Engine, complete outfit for a boy. Instructive, amusing.

A Gold Wedding Ring of superior quality. Be sure and send finger measurement.

Two Big Stamping Outfits. The Perfect has four big sheets of designs. The Princess has eight sheets and includes Shirt-Waists, etc.

Complete Household Cabinet of Sewing Silk, Buttons, Needles, Thimble and two dozen other good things.

Hand Bag for ladies' use; very handsome, made of real leather, leather handle and metal frame and clasp.

One Hundred Souvenir Post Cards. A large variety, no two alike. Foreign and American views.

Free for Clubs of Ten.

For only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

Six Silver Plated Knives and Six Silver Plated Forks. Enough to begin a collection of tableware.

Silver Jewel Casket, including a String of Beads, Brooch Pin and Scarf Pin.

Gold Beads. A String of 51 Seamless Beads, making a beautiful Necklace.

Sterling Silver or Gold Plated Cross. Very effective to wear on a neck chain.

Nottingham Lace Curtains. A handsome pair, three yards long. In a pretty figure.

Dressed Doll, with Sleeping Eyes, is a delightful gift for a young person.

A Genuine Teddy Bear, real fuzzy and cute, made of bear skin cloth, with voice. Most popular child's toy ever made. Millions sold annually.

Free for Clubs of Twelve.

For only twelve yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

A Large Porcelain Globe Lamp for dining-room, parlor or hall. A large lamp giving lots of light.

Two Pair Six Knives, Forks and Teaspoons, 13 pieces of tableware. First class and a valuable addition to the home.

A Dandy Hammock woven in several pretty colors.

A Genuine Diamond Ring. A 14k. Gold Shell Ring with genuine stone, but broken off or lost.

A Gentleman's Watch in a gift case that wears like gold. Durable movement, made by best American watch makers. Chain free.

Alarm Clock. Long, strong alarm with special movement; accurate and sure.

Gold Lined Silver Cake Basket, generous size, has standard and handle is pleasing and useful.

A Happy Family. Consists of one Genuine Teddy Bear, either white or cinnamon bear skin, a Cloth Teddy Bear pattern to be sewed and stuffed, over 15 inches high, a Dancing White Polar Bear, and a Teddy Bear Target Game, which is lots of fun, giving you four different kinds of Bears.

Free for Clubs of Fourteen.

For only fourteen yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send your choice of the following articles:

Satin Gilt Clock, one foot high, six inches wide. Very handsome Household Mantle Clock. First class movement.

Two Pair Nottingham Lace Curtains, suitable for any room in the house, and an attractive window decoration. One yard wide and three yards long.

Electric Machine for successful home treatment. Dynamo generator type, no liquids, nothing to wear out. Operates by a crank, has hand electrodes. Very beneficial.

Bed Spread. Extra quality cotton quilt or spread. Full size for regular bed. Guaranteed satisfactory.

FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE

Indestructible Stuffed Dolls that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.

These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the new can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and rub lips retain their color and shape for all time. Child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old grandma style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different



ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with more or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or 1 of lighter weight.

We Send You 2 Dolls Now Instead of 1.

A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in connection with the 20 inch doll we have already described. So you get 2 dolls for the price of 1. We have arranged to give these dolls for club raising and will send 1, all charges fully prepaid, if you send the name of 2 new yearly subscribers at 15 cents each.

Remember. We send this magazine one year to the subscribers you secure and send the Dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets, 4 Dolls for securing 4 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. 4 sets, of Dolls free for a club of 6 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PRINCESS STAMPING OUTFIT.

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets. 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfit and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.

In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit, offered elsewhere. The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the Outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

Two Complete Shirt

Waist Sets.
Two Complete Alphabets, 26 letters in each alphabet, also many designs on 8 sheets of bond paper, a box of Modern Stamping Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.
1 Lace Collar.
1 Turnover Collar.
1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.
1 Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.
1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never Tell.

1 10 in. Cat Work Dolly.
1 8 in. Strawberry Dolly.
1 8 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.
1 8 in. Lace Dolly.
1 4 in. Strawberry Dolly.
1 5 in. Whist Dolly.

Words and Letters, etc.
Photographs, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Collars & Cuffs.

1 Suspender Design, Daisies.

1 Suspender Design, Forget-me-nots.

Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the fad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as dollies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most fastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete; hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, contains clean, fascinating stories in great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.

EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAIST

Our Princess Outfit Offer.

For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT.

Make Money Printing Cards.

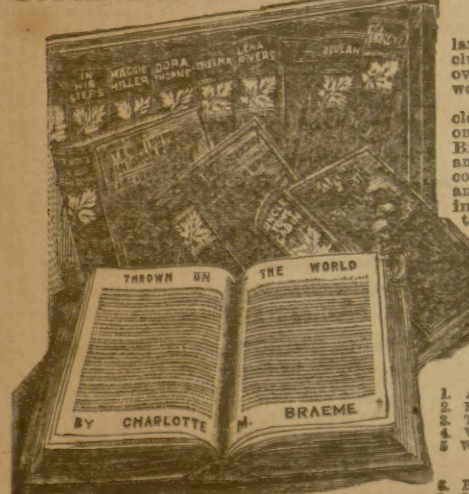


About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pliers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEST BOOKS FREE.

Cloth Bound



Marie Corelli, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes, G. A. Henty, Charles M. Sheldon, Charlotte M. Braeme, Mrs. Southworth.

The works of the popular authors above mentioned, also a large number of other popular authors' best efforts, are included in our new list of gift books. From an assortment of over 400 titles we have selected the most popular and desirable works of these famous American and European Authors. Each book is printed on good quality paper, from large, clear type, in 7 1/2 inches long, 5 inches wide in thickness, all one inch or more, and weigh about one pound each. Cloth Bindings are genuine Linen Cloth of several attractive and striking colors, especially made for this series. Each cover has an ornamental design, as shown in the illustration, and the titles are all done in genuine gold and two-colored inks. Each cover design is by some well-known artist, and the high quality of this alone makes the outer appearance of each book at once attractive, as it gives the book a rich appearance for shelving or when lying on the table. Taken all in all this series of books is an excellent edition and we are pleased to have the opportunity to place them before you at this particular season of the year and at such liberal terms.

USE NUMBERS NOT NAMES. When ordering kindly use numbers to aid in promptly handling orders at this end.

Marie Corelli.

1. Ardath.
2. Romance of Two Worlds.
3. Thelma.
4. Vendetta.
5. Wormwood.
6. Behlah.
7. Ines.

Augusta J. Evans.

8. Macaria.
9. Alkondor.
10. Bad Hugh.
11. Cousin Maude.
12. Darkness and Daylight.
13. Dora Deane.
14. English Orphan.
15. Edith Lytle's Secret.
16. Rhelwyn's Mistake.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

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18. Homestead on the Hillside.
19. The Leighton Homestead.
20. Lena Rivers.
21. Meadow Brook.
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61. A Willful Maid.
62. Woven on Fate's Loom.

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64. Hidden Hand, Part 1.
65. Capitola, Part 2 of No. 63.
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67. Cruel as the Grave.
68. Tried for Her Life.
69. Ishmael. Sequel to No. 67.

Mary J. Holmes.

70. Self Raked, Sequel to No. 69.
71. Changed Resides.
72. Edith's Fate, Sequel to No. 71.
73. Deserted Wife.
74. Mrs. May Agnes Fleming.
75. Magdalen's Vow.
76. The Queen of the Isle.
77. The Midnight Queen.
78. The Dark Secret.
79. Gypsy Queen's Vow.
80. Farmer Holt's Daughter.
81. Golden Knot.
82. Her Martyrdom.
83. For Another's Sin.
84. Belle of Lynn.

Charlotte M. Braeme.

85. Dora Thorne.
86. Thrown on the World.
87. Repeated at Leisure.
88. Her Only Sin.
89. Her Martyrdom.
90. For Another's Sin.
91. Belle of Lynn.

Charles Wagner.

92. Simple Life.

AUTUMN AND FALL PATTERNS

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFERS

For 60 days only you have the opportunity of securing these new Autumn and Fall style seam-allowing patterns at these bargain rates. Order at once at the following prices: Any one pattern free if you will send 25 cents for a year's subscription to COMFORT, or two patterns and a year's subscription only 30 cents. We will send you, postage prepaid, without subscriptions, any **Five Patterns** for but 35 cents, or **Three Patterns** for 25 cents. Single patterns 10 cents. For sizes etc., refer to bottom of page. Always give size or age when ordering.

Address COMFORT Bargain Fashion Dept., Augusta, Maine.



- 4122—CHILD'S SHORT CLOTHES SET; one size, 6 months.
- 4127—TEDDY BEAR and RAG DOLL; 14 and 15 inches.
- 4128—CHILD'S NORFOLK SUIT; 7 sizes, 5 to 14 years.
- 4154—CHILD'S FIRST SHORT SET; 4 sizes, 1/2 to 3 years.
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- 4171—MISSSES' COSTUME; 4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.
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- 4173—CHILD'S BOX-PLAIED DRESS; 5 sizes, 3 to 10 years.
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- 4183—MISSSES' GATHERED UNDERSKIRT; 4 sizes, 10 to 15 years.
- 4190—GIRLS' DRESS; 5 sizes, 5 to 12 years.
- 4200—CHILD'S ONE-PIECE BONNET; 3 sizes, 1 to 5 years.
- 4207—CHILD'S COAT; 7 sizes, 1/2 to 5 years.
- 4216—CHILD'S COAT; 5 sizes, 1 to 5 years.
- 4219—MISSSES' SHIRT-WAIST COSTUME; 4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.
- 4228—GIRLS' BOX-PLAIED APRON; 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years.
- 4232—MISSSES' JUMPER OR OVER-BLOUSE; 5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
- 4239—MISSSES' SIDE-PLAIED SKIRT; 5 sizes, 13 to 16 years.

- 4226—CHILD'S OVERALL ROMPERS; 4 sizes, 2 to 7 years.
- 6813—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
- 6826—LADIES' COMBINATION CORSET COVER and DRAWERS; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6828—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6832—LADIES' NIGHTGOWN; 4 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6833—LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED COAT; 7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches.
- 6836—LADIES' TEA GOWN; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6839—LADIES' DOUBLE-BREADED COAT; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6848—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6849—LADIES' WORK APRON; 7 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6850—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6862—LADIES' WORK APRON; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6864—LADIES' WRAPPER; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6891—LADIES' WAIST; 4 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6892—LADIES' 13-GORED FLARED SKIRT; 5 sizes, 30 to 32 inches.
- 6911—LADIES' 8-GORED PLAIED SKIRT; 7 sizes, 30 to 32 inches.
- 6919—LADIES' DRESSING SACK; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6928—LADIES' FRENCH LINING; 9 sizes, 32 to 48 inches.
- 6939—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST; 5 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6940—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST DRESS; 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches.
- 6965—LADIES' COAT; 3 sizes, 32, 36 and 40 inches.

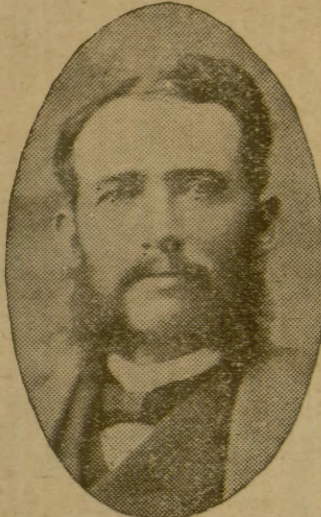
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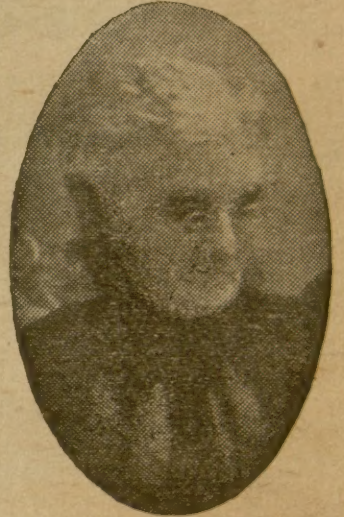
For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each, we send you any book in this list free, postpaid. For 4 subscribers, we send two books free, or for a club of 8 at 15c. each, we send any four books you may select. REMEMBER. We send our magazine to the subscribers you get, and to you we send the books you may select, by mail or express at our expense, and fully guarantee them to be in every respect as represented. Just think what an opportunity for Book Clubs.

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A Profitable Business Any Man or Woman Can Make a Lot of Money and Make It Right at Home.



ONE OF OUR SUCCESSFUL
MONEY MAKERS.



OLD AND YOUNG MAKE MONEY
WITH US.

For Over Twenty Years We Have Been Helping
MEN AND WOMEN
To Make Money at Home.

How to make money without a large capital has always troubled men and women, and never more than in these days. We have helped thousands of people to do this, who are not able to do hard work. And thousands of widows, through us, have been able to care for their families and educate their children. One woman writes us:

"I was left a widow with house mortgaged. For three years I have worked for you. I have paid off the mortgage, have \$1,000.00 in the bank, and have paid all the expenses of one child at a boarding school, and cared for the others at home." A man who lost his position writes us:

"It was a god-send to me when I took up your work. I was almost down to my last dollar and my family was suffering. Since taking up your work, I have far more money than I ever had before, and my family has known some of the comforts of life. I have found you in every way honorable and your word as good as a bond." We have hundreds of letters like these.

Don't Be Fooled by Big Talk

We do not say you can make 25 or 50 dollars a day as some do. You know that is foolish talk, and those who promise such things insult your intelligence, and talk nonsense, but we do say that any man or woman can make a good salary if they will take up our work. Some of those with us have been doing this for 5, 10, 15 and more years. You can do the same be you man or woman. The work we offer is easy and agreeable and can be done from your own home. Thousands of women who have worked for us during the past twenty years have earned as much as their husbands. A few days ago, a woman wrote: "My husband had been earning only a small salary, and four years ago I took up your work to help him—during those four years I have averaged over \$1,200.00 salary each year, and now my husband is giving up his position, and he also will work for you."

It would be easy for us to say you can make from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a day, but it would not be true. And we believe it is always better to stick to the truth, both because it is right and also because only fools are caught by such foolish talk.

We will assure you a good comfortable income in our work and if you work steadily, even more than that.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD CHANCE TO WORK AND GET GOOD PAY FOR IT, YOU WILL FIND IT ON YOUR INTEREST TO READ THIS PAGE THROUGH CAREFULLY.

The articles we have for you to sell are a big line of Forks, Spoons, Knives, &c., made of a new metal called Brazil Silver. We will describe these, then you can judge for yourself whether we are offering you a good chance to make money or not.

Brazil Silver Warranted for Twenty-five Years

Brazil Silver is believed to be the very best metal in existence for the manufacture of forks and spoons; it has all the lustre and brilliancy of burnished coin silver, and is much harder and more durable, in fact, it is impossible to wear it out. It is absolutely indestructible. The goods made of this metal are the same all the way through; there being no plating to wear off, they will remain as good as new for any length of time. For all practical purposes in the manufacture of table ware this Brazil Silver is superior to coin silver. It is as lustrous and pure as coin silver, and being much harder it will wear even longer than silver; in fact, it is absolutely impossible to wear off, the metal being the same all the way through, it stands to reason that you can't wear it out. Our confidence in the metal is so great that we guarantee it to wear twenty-five years. We give a guarantee signed by the company warranting the goods to wear and to give perfect satisfaction for twenty-five years. We are an old, strong and thoroughly established firm, with ample capital to carry on our business and make our guarantee as good as the Bank of England. In selling these goods an agent can recommend them with the greatest of confidence, for they are just as represented, absolutely indestructible. And, furthermore, our guarantee warranting the goods to give satisfaction for twenty-five years clears the agent from all responsibility in the matter, for if any article fails to give perfect satisfaction, no matter how long it has been in use, we hold ourselves ready to refund the money paid for the article. These goods are the same metal all the way through; they will never wear out. They always wear white and bright. We give a guarantee signed by the company, warranting every piece of Brazil Silver to wear twenty-five years. You can sell these goods to your best friends with perfect confidence, for every sale is as much a benefit to your customer as to yourself.

Working with goods that are warranted to wear and give satisfaction for so long a time as twenty-five years, and by a company, too, whose capital is sufficiently large to make their guarantee good for almost any amount, is an advantage which no other firm is prepared to offer. If you want to make money fast, now is the time to do it. If you think that five-dollar bills are good things to have, now is the time to get them. Never in the history of the agency business have agents had as good a chance to make money rapidly, and it is reasonably sure that they will never have another chance like it.

All Marked With Initial Letters, Without Any Extra Cost

Among all classes there has always been a strong desire to have their table ware marked with their initial letter, but on account of the heavy expense of having it marked only a very few have been able to afford it. Heretofore the cost of artistically marking table ware has been even greater than the cost of the goods; now, by our new methods, we are able to offer these elegant Brazil Silver goods, all marked with any initial letter desired in the very highest style of the art, without any extra cost for marking. These Brazil Silver goods, even if unmarked, would be the greatest bargain ever offered the public in table ware, but with the additional and highly desirable feature of

being all marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, these goods are not only great bargains in table ware, but are the greatest bargains that have ever been offered to the public through agents or in any other way.

The people are always ready enough to buy what they want when it is presented to them in the form of a genuine bargain. Well, here is absolutely the greatest bargain ever offered, and the agent who works with it will find that what he has is earnestly desired at nearly every house he visits—it is easy to get orders when you can offer great bargains that the people really want and can afford.

Solid Silver Knives That Last A Lifetime

For fifteen years we experimented to make knives that would last a lifetime, and about seven years ago we succeeded. Every one knows that Silver plated knives cause trouble by the plating wearing off. How to make a solid silver knife that had spring like a steel knife, the beauty of a silver one, and yet be solid silver with no plating to wear off and that would last a lifetime, took years of experimenting and thousands of dollars, to solve. But a few years ago, we finally succeeded in making this knife. This is the greatest discovery made in 50 years, in cutlery. Today we are using these knives by the car-load. For those selling our goods, these knives have proved a gold mine, and those who use them will never use any others. Think of it—Solid Silver Knives that never wear out, at no higher price than ordinary knives.

For those who are attached to plated knives, we can furnish the finest tempered cutlery steel knives plated with 12dw of pure silver, hand burnished. Not cheap, shoddy plated knives, but the best that can be made warranted for ten years.

But the solid Brazil Silver Knives that last a lifetime at price of ordinary knives are the thing. When people see them, they will have no others.

We are not only selling at greatly reduced prices, but also guarantee every article just as represented, and give perfect satisfaction to the purchaser or MONEY REFUNDED.

The First Thing To Do

If you decide to accept the agency, the first thing to do is to send to us for the agent's case of samples, which is the most complete and perfect case of samples that has ever been prepared for the convenience of agents. Our complete and perfect case of samples is not to be compared with anything that has ever been sent to agents before. It contains the very best and most salable articles in the world. There is nothing in the market that agents can sell as fast and sell as easily and make as much money out of as they can the goods contained in this splendid case of samples, and everything is arranged and explained so that any agent can't fail to understand just how to go to work and make a great success of the business. As soon as you receive the case of samples you are ready for business. And if you are willing to work you are just as sure to make a good income as the sun is to rise. Take the case of samples and canvass your territory according to the directions sent with the samples, until you have taken orders for the amount of goods you are prepared to send for. Then order the goods from us and fill your orders, and so continue.

The Magnificent Case of Samples Which We Furnish to Agents.

The case of samples which we furnish to agents contains the following articles:

One Sample Table Knife, retail price \$2.10	per set of six	35 cents each
One Sample Dessert Knife, retail price \$1.95	per set of six	32 1-2 cents each
One Sample Table Fork, retail price \$1.95	per set of six	32 1-2 cents each
One Sample Table Spoon, retail price \$1.95	per set of six	32 1-2 cents each
One Sample Dessert Fork, retail price \$1.80	per set of six	30 cents each
One Sample Dessert Spoon, retail price, \$1.80	per set of six	30 cents each
One Sample Tea Spoon, retail price 95 cents	per set of six	15 5-6 cents each
One Sugar Shell	-	25 cents each
One Butter Knife	-	25 cents each
One Salt or Pepper Shaker	-	25 cents each
Total retail value of samples	-	\$2.83 1-3 cents

We also send you with the case of samples a large and very beautiful catalogue, illustrating a full line of plated ware, such as Casters, Pickle Cruets, Butter Dishes, Tea Sets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc.

Reckoning the above samples at our lowest retail prices they amount to \$2.83 1-3. We furnish them to agents nicely put up in an elegant sample case or roll, for only \$1.00, which is \$1.83 1-3 less than they amount to at our regular retail prices. This is less than one-half of the retail value of the samples, and much less than they cost us. The sample case or roll, which the samples are put up in, costs us nearly as much as we require you to send for the samples, case and all.

Watches and Jewelry.

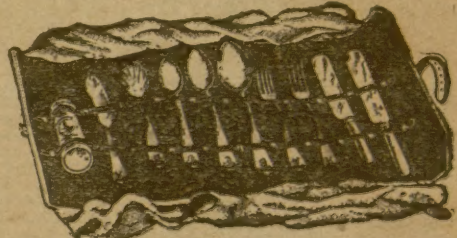
We also furnish a fine line of Watches and Jewelry of all kinds. First class goods at low prices—great sellers. We send Jewelry Catalogue with outfit.

Wholesale Prices.

Wholesale or agents' prices and all necessary information for carrying on the business will be furnished with the outfit. Remember we make everything plain to you about wholesale prices, methods, etc., when we send you the Outfit.

Very Important.

The Outfit we furnish our agents is exactly as we represent it, and is always sent the same day the order is received, just as agreed. We have tried to state these facts so they could and would be believed, and still we are constantly receiving letters from parties who would like to engage in the business and would do so if they felt sure we were telling the truth and would do as we agree. Many of these doubters have been cheated and are not altogether to blame for doubting; the most of them say they think we are honest, they say we talk honest, but as they have already been swindled they don't feel like risking even one dollar, and so, although our business is in every respect just as represented and we always do just as we promise, we lose the services of a great many agents and they lose the benefits they might derive from the business because they are afraid we may not be telling the truth. Now, to overcome this spirit of doubt, we have decided to send Samples to all who wish us to do so, C. O. D., with privilege of examination at the express office. It costs us from twenty-five to forty cents more to send the samples this way, as we have to pay that amount for return charges on the money, but we are willing to do it and so prove to all that are interested that the Outfit and our goods are just what we claim. If after reading this notice you think you would like to give the business a trial, but wish to see the Sample Case before you pay the one dollar, cut out the following printed form, fill it out and send it to us, and we will send the Outfit to your express office prepaid, and give the express agent instructions to let you thoroughly examine the Outfit; then if you are satisfied that we have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and are also satisfied that you can make money selling our goods, you can pay the express agent one dollar and take the Outfit. If you are not satisfied, you can refuse to take it, and the agent will return it to us.



This cut shows the Sample Case or Roll, and how the samples appear put up ready for business. The Roll is made of highly finished waterproof canvas, and lined with soft flannel goods. The samples are held in place by strong straps. The whole rolls up and fastens with a leather strap which is firmly fastened to the back of the Roll. This is the most practical arrangement for carrying the samples that could be thought of. When rolled up the Case is compact and easy to carry. When opened the samples show to the best possible advantage, making a good impression at first sight. This Sample Roll gives a business-like appearance; it is substantial and handsome, and invariably gives the impression that there is something valuable inside. All are anxious to see what it is you are carrying around with such care. This is of importance, as it secures attention and interest at the start. The fact is, in the agency business, as in every other business, you must have things fixed up just right if you expect to succeed. Our Brazil Silver goods are the best that have ever been offered for the price, or anywhere near it. The new feature of being marked with beautiful and artistic initial letters, free of cost, is the greatest popular hit of the times, and the Sample Roll is arranged so as to show the goods off to the best possible advantage. Furthermore, we carefully teach every agent just how to take advantage of all these splendid qualities and popular features. Is it any wonder that our agents succeed better than those who are working for other firms?

We Prepay all Express Charges on Everything.

Royal Manufacturing Co.,

Box 8100. DETROIT, MICH.

Form to be Cut Out and Signed by those who wish us to send the Outfit C. O. D. with Privilege of Examination.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICH., BOX 8100.

GENTLEMEN:—Send the Outfit by Express C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If I find the Outfit just as you say, I will pay the one dollar required and give the business a fair trial, but if I am not satisfied that the Outfit is as good as you recommend it to be, I shall refuse to receive it. Now, remember, the understanding is that I am not to take the Outfit unless I, myself, am satisfied that it is all right. It must all depend on my own judgment. If I am satisfied, I will take the Outfit; if I am not satisfied, I shall not take it and shall not pay the one dollar. If you want to send the Outfit with this understanding, send it along C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Name _____

Postoffice _____

County _____ State _____

Express Station _____

HON. HAZEN S. PINGREE, Michigan's Famous Governor, says we are worthy of your confidence.

To Whom It May Concern: In answer to all inquiries I have received concerning the standing of the Royal Manufacturing Co., of Detroit, Mich., I have invariably replied that the Company is in every way worthy of the confidence of all. In regard to its financial standing and the trustworthiness of the gentlemen connected with it, the reading public may rely upon them implicitly.

HAZEN S. PINGREE.